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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD By Post, 6¹/₂d.



WEST AFRICAN HOUSSAS.

Photo Lascelles, Fitzroy Square.



NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.

Photo F. Downer, Watford.

COLONIAL TROOPS IN ENGLAND FOR THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The welcome with which the motion for restraining the volubility of members of Parliament was received in the House shows the necessity for some enactment of the kind. It is a tacit confession of the sufferings our unhappy Senators have so long endured, with execrations, or, at all events, exclamations, "not loud, but deep." They have no means of expressing the feeling of boredom inspired by a long-winded orator otherwise than by leaving the House whenever he begins to speak, and seeking the smoking-room, or even, at a pinch, the library. The fact that they do so is proof enough that no reformation is to be expected from the offenders themselves. Think of the obstinate egotism and want of good taste that can permit a man to inflict his tediousness upon those who have given him so plain a hint! The man of words must empty them somewhere, if only to empty benches. There is one victim he can always count upon—the Speaker. How anyone can talk of that official as overpaid, or grudge him his title of "The First Commoner in England," is amazing. To have to sit "in sunny May, in sultry June," with wig and gown, to hear the member for Verbosity declaiming for hours about nothing in particular, and with the sole object of being reported, must be a torture that even Dante could scarcely have imagined. It is the Speaker, of course, to whom must be entrusted the task of curtailment. He must have an hour-glass for the front benches, or at least for the Ministerial statements; and rarely indeed, like the Scotch divine of old, will he be inclined to say, "And now, my friends, we will take another glass together." For dissertations on the state of feeling of "my constituents in Dulborough" or on "me bleedin' country," he will probably employ an egg-boiler, and take care that it is not for boiling hard.

It is quite extraordinary how long this persecution of loquacity has gone on without any attempt to put a stop to it. Wraxall tells us that in 1779 David Hartley, member for Hull, made a speech during which Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool) took a ride to his country house, strolled about, dined, and returned to Westminster to find him still speaking. He was called "the dinner bell," because his rising had a similar effect in emptying the House. One day, when he had wearied everybody out, and it was thought the man must have done, he moved that the Riot Act should be read, as a document to prove some assertion. Burke, who had been bursting with impatience for hours, bounced up exclaiming, "The Riot Act, my dear friend! to what purpose? Don't you perceive that the mob has already quietly dispersed?" But sarcasm, of course, was utterly thrown away upon him: you might as well be sarcastic to the winds as to a bore.

Singular as have been the fulfilments of the prophecies of our almanack-makers, quoted in last week's "Notes," they have been less precise and not more accurate than some amateur forecasts. When Haydon dined, in 1807, with Sir George and Lady Beaumont, he tells us that he met Sir Humphrey Davy, who made a very pregnant remark: "Napoleon will certainly come in contact with Russia, by pressing forward in Poland, and there, probably, will begin his destruction." This was five years before it happened. Lord Mulgrave, the same narrator informs us, first raised his enthusiasm for the Duke of Wellington by saying one day at table, "If you live to see it, he will be a second Marlborough." Brougham, in his famous speech on Indian Law Reform, delivered in the House of Commons in 1828, thus foretold the revolt of the native army: "Should the day ever come when disaffection may appeal to seventy million against a few thousand strangers who have planted themselves on the ruins of their ancient dynasties, you will find how much safer it is to have won their hearts than to rely upon 150,000 Sepoy swords of excellent temper, but in doubtful hands." The year 1857 was long looked forward to by the Mohammedans as that in which they were to regain their dominion over the ancient Mogul Empire. It is alluded to in the "Journals and Letters of the Rev. Henry Martyn," edited by Samuel Wilberforce: "Jan. 8, 1807. Pundit was telling me to-day that there was a prophecy in their books that the English should remain one hundred years in India, of which fifty (since the Battle of Plassey) have now elapsed." Of private presentiments, that of the widow of General Torrens, at Southsea, was one of the most curious. A year before the Mutiny she dreamed that she saw her daughter, Mrs. Hayes, and her husband attacked by Sepoys, and the latter murdered. She wrote instantly to entreat her daughter and the children to come home; and the latter, in consequence of her extreme importunity, were sent to her. Mrs. Hayes remained, to suffer all the horrors of Lucknow; while Captain Hayes fell into the hands of the Sepoys, who, after putting his eyes out, killed him.

An actress of some eminence has been giving her experiences of the comparative demands of tragedy and comedy upon players. "People think it easier," she says, "to play comedy than tragedy; but this is a mistake." Her experience is that one is more often in the mood for the latter than the former, and that comedy requires a greater effort at the expense of the nerves. This, on the

whole, is what one would have expected. There are few persons to whom the serious side of life does not present itself with greater insistence than the other. Looking round upon one's acquaintance, it is impossible to doubt this, for the dull, it must be remembered, are almost always serious. It is much easier to exaggerate a familiar feeling than to simulate one comparatively unfamiliar, and the facts of life are such that melancholy is more normal with most of us than mirth. The acting of tragedy is obviously less dependent upon the manner in which it is received than that of comedy; disapprobation, unless it takes some unusually active form, must rather intensify the gloom of the tragedian; whereas, if the audience does not sympathise with the comedian, he has uphill work indeed. This is exemplified in ordinary society. The man who selects serious subjects for his conversation—information, Art with a large A, "the solidarity of the Peoples," and especially that most attractive of all topics, the drama of human life—is comparatively independent of his company; if dull, he drones on, notwithstanding their icy silence: if intelligent, his subject, to some extent at all events, sustains him; but if he is of a humorous turn, and perceives his wit to be unappreciated, he "shuts up" at once and becomes tragic indeed. The real danger of tragedy on the stage must be where the tragedian has also some humour in his composition, as doubtless is often the case; at least I have known few masters of pathos in literature who have been without it. To these "a happy thought" in the midst of mimetic woe must be a dangerous intrusion. Even if the woe is not mimetic this has a dreadful habit of interference with some people on the most inappropriate occasions. I have known a person, as well known for his affection and good feeling as for his genius, who on this account could never trust himself at a funeral, and individuals the most respectable and of an orderly and reverent character to be seized by the fiend of laughter, without any apparent provocation, in church.

There has been a rather interesting case in a court of law in which a head waiter was charged with embezzling the "tips" received by his fellows, for whom he acted as treasurer. People ought to know how to manage their own business, but it strikes one that this lumping the rewards of individual civility and attention is not a plan likely to promote those virtues. In the matter of clubs no "tips" are, very properly, permitted, since otherwise the rich and lavish members would secure a monopoly of service; but in restaurants and hotels it seems unfair that a stupid or morose attendant should reap the same advantage as one who was courteous and skilful. It is the same principle of equalising the idle and diligent that is so much in favour with the trades unions. It is one great advantage that the professions—even the poor one of literature—possess over the mechanical trades, that individual superiority has free scope.

About elephants, to those who have given their attention to their powers, and also their deficiencies, there is always something surprising: a mixture of acute intelligence and intense folly, of affectionate fidelity and of treachery and long-slumbering vengeance, of courage and cowardice. The feats of strength they perform, and the petty tricks and tasks they are put to, fill us now with admiration and now with contempt. They drag field-pieces over mountain passes and through bogs when the efforts of all other animals, and the ingenuity of man himself, would be useless; and they "stand like unfortunate beggars thrusting out their long trunks for halfpence to spend at a cake and nut stall," where they make very bad bargains. At all events, whether admirable or contemptible, they afford a curious and interesting study. Even in their deaths—which they generally bring upon themselves by going mad or "must," or becoming "rogue elephants," there is always something dramatic, because, unlike human beings, they are not afraid of death, and are also so exceedingly difficult to kill. For the destruction of the "huge earth-shaking beast" at Liverpool, the other day, must have been expended the contents of several chemists' shops. For hours he fed on poisons, and they had no power, but rather lent him vitality. Arsenic he treated as a mere purifier of the complexion; he took enough aconite (in buns and cakes), we are told, "to kill two thousand persons": they might as well have given him acorns. Then they pumped prussic acid into his mouth from a garden engine, and after three hours, muttering through his trunk some remark (it was understood) about there being a smell of bitter almonds, he expired.

It is stated that Stevenson's unfinished novel is to be completed by another hand. This has aroused a storm of indignation which could hardly have been more violent had the conclusion been made surreptitiously, and foisted upon the public as original matter. The extent of the supposed outrage seems to me to consist in the chance of its being badly done, which in this case, if "Q" is to do it, is very small. If the author were alive, it is reasonable to believe that he would prefer, supposing the addition is dexterously made, a cork leg to a stump. It is, however, necessary that a novel should have advanced a considerable way before this operation can be satisfactorily performed; and also that the intentions of the writer should

be understood by his understudy. When Wilkie Collins found himself unable to finish his last story, he, as it were, bequeathed its conclusion to Sir Walter Besant, and left the most detailed information as to his views upon the matter. The join, I believe, is very difficult to discover. On the other hand, where the understudy has not the gift of him for whom he acts, or his knowledge of the other's views is imperfect, the difference of style and thought is only too apparent. The attempts to finish "Christabel" are deplorable, as are also the various completions of "Edwin Drood," but there are ample reasons for the failure of both. For my part, I see no "outrage" in the winding-up even of a work of genius by a competent person "from information received," while there is no doubt that the vast majority of readers of fiction prefer a finished column to a broken one. But, at all events, there is no harm when the tale has been nearly completed in shadowing forth in a few well-chosen words what its end was probably intended to be, as was done, with excellent effect, in the case of Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters." It is sad to reflect that the modern custom of popular authors of writing their serials almost from month to month (or hand to mouth) renders their leaving, sooner or later, an unfinished novel behind them a positive certainty.

Napoleon has always had a great attraction for the poet and novelist; he is the chief figure of latter-day romance. What influence he possessed upon minds altogether dissimilar, and even antagonistic, to his own may be gathered from Shelley's apostrophe to the world when the Corsican left it—

What! alive and so bold, O Earth?
Art thou not overbold?
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth?

Dr. Conan Doyle, as we all know, has a like admiration for him, though tempered by greater judgment. Both in literature and the drama he has given us examples of it, but he has never before painted a picture of the Emperor on so large a scale, or in such detail, as in "Uncle Bernac." We have here brought home to us his gigantic intellect; his knowledge of military matters, from the planning of a campaign to an item of uniform buttons; his foresight, his courage, the force of his indisputable will; also his insolence, his vulgarity, his intense selfishness, his infidelities, his brutalities. As to his personal influence, it does not seem to have been remarkable till he was in power; and when we consider that no man has after death been written of so bitterly and depreciatingly by his intimates and companions, it is pretty certain that love had very little to do with it, and fear a great deal. To the imagination, nevertheless, his attraction will probably last for ever; and, as our author himself confesses, it has taken such hold of him in the present story as in some measure to dwarf his own *dramatis personæ*. Beside the life-like picture of the Emperor in the camp at Boulogne, at the head of his hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, about to swoop like a hawk upon the England that was the sole barrier to his ambition, we are, however, content that Louis de Laval and his fortunes should occupy subordinate positions. His adventures, indeed, are interesting and exciting enough. His first experience of France, whither, though an *émigré* with the Bourbons, he has gone to take service under Napoleon, would give most of us enough to talk about for a lifetime. In a ruined hut on the salt-marshes, where he has taken shelter from the storm, he falls into the hands of three desperate Jacobins plotting against the life of the Emperor—

I was lifted up by my ankles, as if I were a fowl pulled off a perch, and jerked roughly down into the room, my back striking upon the stone floor with a thud which shook the breath from my body.

"Don't kill him yet, Toussac," said a soft voice. "Let us make sure who he is first."

I felt the pressure of a thumb upon my chin and of fingers upon my throat, and my head was slowly forced round until the strain became unbearable.

"Quarter of an inch does it, and no mark," said the thunderous voice. "You can trust my old turn."

"Don't, Toussac; don't!" said the same gentle voice which had spoken first. "I saw you do it once before, and the horrible snick it made haunted me for a long time."

From this unpleasant position our hero is rescued in a very original manner, and found in company with a certain gallant Lieutenant of Hussars, whom most of us have known in later life as Brigadier Gerard. De Laval being of very good family, the Emperor is anxious to conciliate him, that he may bring over other *émigrés*, and with his usual frankness (when nothing was to be gained by duplicity) declares to him his intentions as to England—

I will land with a hundred thousand men in Kent or in Sussex. I will fight a great battle, which I will win with a loss of ten thousand men. On the third day I shall be in London. I will seize the statesmen, the bankers, the merchants, the newspaper men. I will impose an indemnity of a hundred millions of their pounds. I will favour the poor at the expense of the rich, and so I shall have a party. I will detach Scotland and Ireland by giving them Constitutions which will put them in a superior condition to England. Thus I will sow dissensions everywhere. Then, as a price for leaving the island, I will claim their fleet and their Colonies. In this way I shall secure the command of the world to France for at least a century to come.

In view of certain prognostications as to what is likely to happen to us if we are remiss in preparing for defence, this programme should have an immediate interest for us. The seizing "the newspaper men," however, seems too outrageous for modern methods.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLONIAL TROOPS FOR THE JUBILEE.

Ancient history may enumerate an imposing list of various barbaric nations and tribes of Western Asia who followed the warlike standard of an Assyrian or Persian monarch intent upon universal conquest. But Victoria, Queen and Empress, reigning over nearly three hundred and fifty million subjects, these belonging to at least one hundred different races, inhabiting as many provinces and colonies, besides this United Kingdom, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, and countless isles of the ocean, would have to assemble, for a corresponding military parade, such a vast and motley host of fighting men, with such diversity of figure and complexion, however uniformly attired and equipped, that the imagination stands appalled. We are almost inclined to fear that the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General might go mad at the idea of their prodigious task, and Tommy Atkins, the typical British soldier, would be lost in the bewildering multitude of his strange comrades in arms. It is, happily, not a political necessity for her Majesty's Imperial Government to form a grand army composed of troops drawn from all the different populations over which her sceptre is extended. But a few representative detachments, not very formidable in number, have recently arrived in England, to attend the coming festival celebration of the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign, while other small parties, or companies, may soon be expected here. It would be premature to make out a list of them, or to group and classify them in a comparative view. But we select, for the sake of contrast, two remarkable examples, shown in our Illustrations this week: the one being the Mounted Rifles of New South Wales, our oldest Australian colony, that thoroughly English community, which has an army of ten thousand men, cavalry and infantry, artillery and engineers; the other widely different, but of good military material, being men of the West African Houssas, from the Gold Coast, a fine black race, obedient and faithful under good officers, troops well drilled and perfectly disciplined, the steadiest, probably the most courageous, of native African soldiery. These landed, only twenty-three in number, at Liverpool on May 19, from the steamship *Batanga*, which brought home also Colonel Cardew, the Governor of Sierra Leone, and Mr. Moseley, the Colonial Secretary of Lagos. Fifteen of the Sierra Leone Frontier Armed Police came by the same vessel. Captain Davidson Houston is in command of the West African detachment of troops in London.

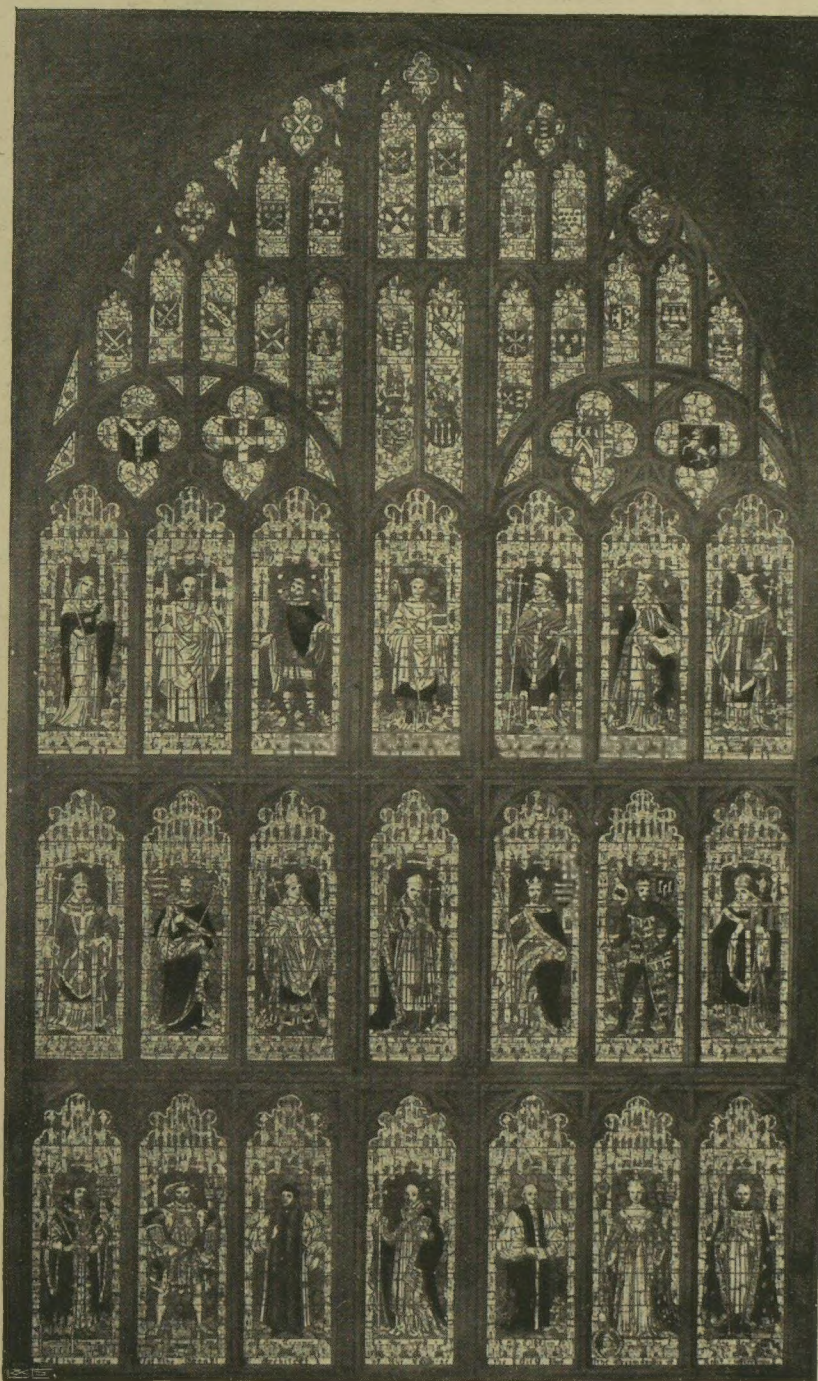
THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

It is the Czar who has the merit of having ended the war between Turkey and Greece. His telegram to the Sultan was couched in terms which threw into the shade all the diplomatic fictions since diplomacy began. He expressed his "admiration and respect" for Abdul Hamid's personal character! Europe has gasped a little over this poetical flight, but it had the effect of bringing the Sultan to temporary reason. Edhem Pasha's advance was stopped, and an armistice concluded. The Turkish commander expressed a desire to negotiate directly, with the representatives of Greece, and there have been hints that if peace is not signed when the term of the armistice expires hostilities will be resumed, and the Turks will march on Athens. The Czar's "admiration and respect" can scarcely go so far as to countenance this. Even the German Emperor may be indisposed to see the Turks at Athens, though the progress of the peace negotiations is hampered, as usual, by German delays. The Ambassadors at Constantinople are supposed to be agreed in principle upon a small indemnity and a "strategic rectification" of the Greek frontier. To the abolition of the Capitulations for Greek subjects in Turkey the Cabinets of Europe have intimated opposition. The question of the indemnity is agreeably diversified by the reported proposal of Russia to deduct the amount from the Turkish indemnity for the war of 1877. Turkey has not paid a farthing of that debt, and Russia does not expect payment, but she is always ready to turn her position as the Sultan's creditor to account. The Russian diplomatists, if allowed to execute this little manoeuvre with the Greek indemnity, might consent to the suggestion that the whole Greek Debt should be placed under European control, chiefly for the benefit of German bondholders. On the other hand, the Sultan wants ready money from the Greek treasury, and the claims of the German bondholders do not appeal to the sympathies of all Europe. In Turkish quarters the demand for the cession of Thessaly is still asserted. One engaging argument is that to annex this province to the Sultan's dominions would be "a boon to Greece," because it would enable her to reduce her army, and relieve her from the temptation to meddle with Macedonia. This plea is not likely to pacify popular sentiment at Athens, where the position of King George and his dynasty is rather precarious. M. Ralli contends that Greece cannot pay any indemnity, a theory which Europe is disposed to treat as lightly as the Turkish claim to Thessaly. The Greek Prime Minister might urge with more plausibility that a refusal to pay is justified by Turkish precedent. In the Orient indemnities are usually regarded as matters of mere form. In the present instance, however, the Turks

assert their right to hold certain territory till the Greek obligation is redeemed; and it is on this point that the negotiations will turn. European control of the Greek Debt would probably mean some provision for paying the Turks the sum agreed upon, but, failing that control, a Turkish occupation of Larissa might last for ever. In Crete the situation is in no respect improved by the withdrawal of the Greek troops. The insurgents, who were to a great extent kept in order by Colonel Vassos, are again in warlike attitude, while the Moslems are repudiating autonomy and demanding the practical maintenance of the Sultan's authority over the island. The appointment of a Governor is a paramount necessity if anything like a beginning of law and order is to be made, but all that Mr. Curzon can tell us is that the Powers still have this matter "under consideration."

NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The great east window of the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral commemorating the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the landing of St. Augustine, to be unveiled by the Prince of Wales on May 29, is of much historical interest. It contains twenty-one nearly life-size figures,



NEW WINDOW IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON MAY 29.

each selected for its immediate connection with Canterbury: these are Queen Bertha, St. Augustine, King Ethelbert, Archbishop Theodore, St. Alphege, Archbishop Lanfranc, St. Anselm, St. Thomas à Becket, Henry III., Archbishop Stephen Langton, St. Edmund, Edward I., Edward the Black Prince, Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, Henry IV., Henry VIII., Archbishop Cranmer, Archbishop Laud, Archbishop Tillotson, Queen Victoria, and Archbishop Benson. All these portraits are accompanied by the arms of England at the time of their reign, and many other accessories of interest are added to the various figures. The light containing Henry IV., for instance, shows his tomb as seen in the Cathedral, and Queen Victoria's regalia include the Star of India. Archbishop Benson is robed in the Westminster cape as worn by him at the Jubilee, 1887, and he holds the archiepiscopal cross. The tracery contains the arms of the Prince of Wales, Earl Amherst, Archbishop Temple, and Dean Farrar, besides the arms of all the dioceses in the Province of Canterbury, and also the arms of the See, the Chapter, the Freemasons, and the county of Kent. The window is the munificent gift of the Freemasons of Kent, of whom Earl Amherst is the chief.

In February last the Dean and Chapter invited a number of the most celebrated artists in stained glass to make designs, and their choice fell on Mr. A. O. Hemming, of 47, Margaret Street, London, W., who has designed and carried out the entire work, spending much time and thought on

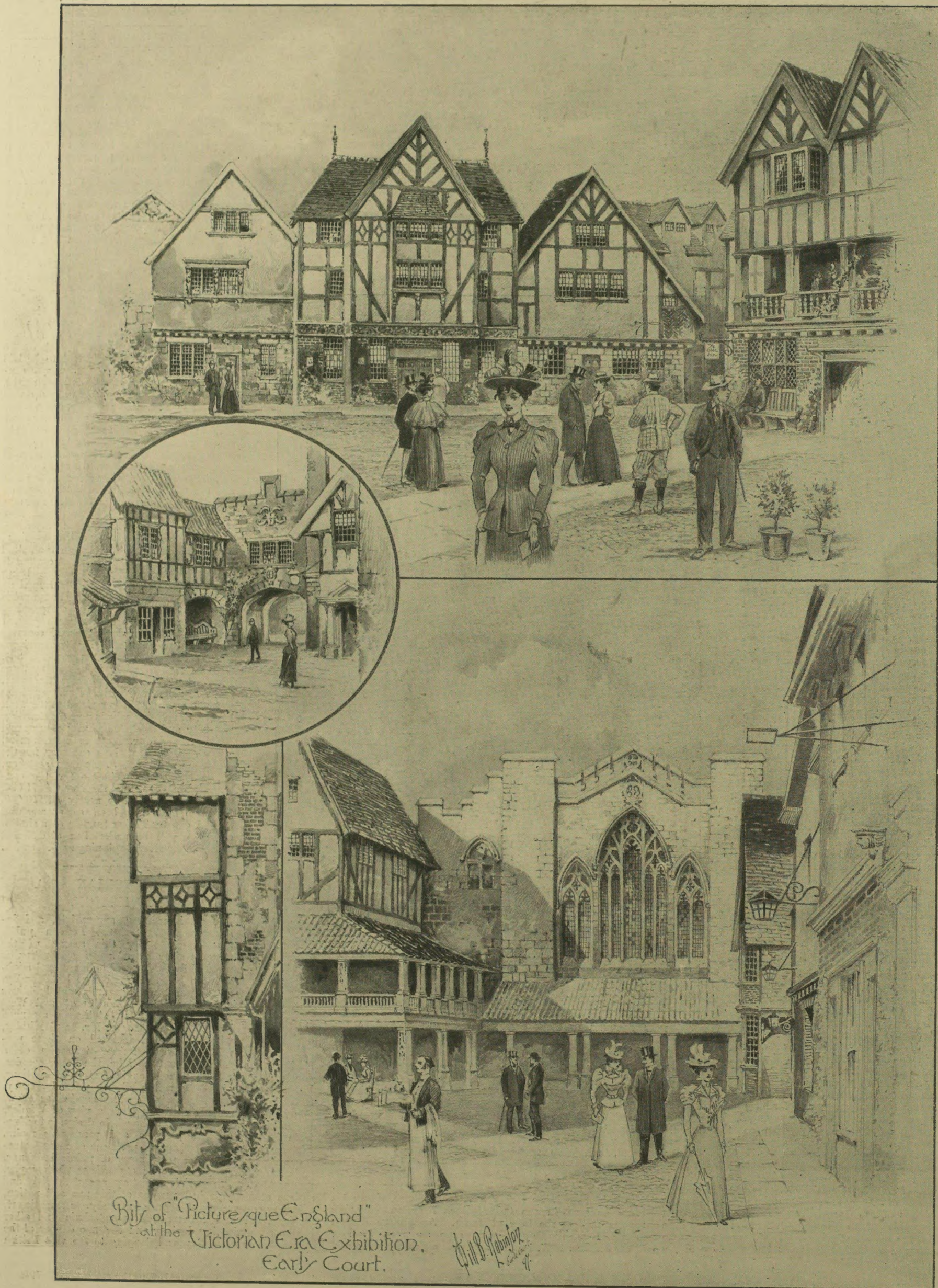
the costumes, which will be found historically correct. The whole of the Chapter House has been restored by Sir Arthur Blomfield, the greatest care having been taken to reproduce as nearly as possible the colour and design of the ancient work.

OPENING OF THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.

The tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall has rightly been considered one of the most permanent and characteristic ways of celebrating a reign which has signalled the enormous advances of engineering, aided, as that has been, by steam and electricity; and thus it is that the opening ceremony, performed by the Prince of Wales on May 22, was more than a casual event in the official routine of his Royal Highness. The tunnel has been constructed in preference to a bridge, for the simple reason that the latter blocks traffic. How absolutely necessary it had become may be gauged from the fact that in the nine-mile stretch of river between the Tower Bridge and the Woolwich Ferry there was no public means of crossing for the million and a quarter of inhabitants who live in the neighbourhood. In 1891 the County Council resolved to go on with the tunnel, selecting Blackwall, which is six miles east of London Bridge, as the most suitable crossing point. The two most notable features of the tunnel are the size of its diameter (27 ft.), which makes it the biggest in the world, and the extraordinarily treacherous nature of the ground through which it had to make its way, the river-bed at this point consisting for the most part of shingle, and being so thin (5 ft. at parts) that a plaster of clay 10 ft. thick had to be laid down in the river. The tunnel was constructed by means of a Greathead shield, which was really a huge steel tube, rammed forward by hydraulic pressure, and worked under compressed air—that is to say, one end of the tunnel had to be corked up, the whole space in front inflated by additional atmospheres in order to keep the river at bay. The work has been the most daring and dangerous bit of submarine mining that has ever been undertaken, but so great an advance has been made in the skill and care of our engineers that in the five years under which the work was in progress only seven men lost their lives. The entire length of the tunnel is 6200 ft., although the actual breadth of the river at the point crossed is only 1221 ft., the increased length being necessary in order to reach the tunnel on both sides at an easy slope. The tunnel is primarily a huge iron pipe, composed of 1200 rings, made up of fourteen segments each. It is lined in the inside with concrete and glazed tiles, and will allow two carriages to pass one another, with pavements 3 ft. wide on each side. It is lighted by three lines of electric lights along the roof. Mr. A. R. Binnie, the Chief Engineer of the Council, was most ably assisted in the work by Mr. David Hay, who is now constructing the City and South London Underground Railway, and Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice. Mr. E. W. Moir acted as engineer for the contractors, Messrs. S. Pearson and Son. While the actual estimate for the construction of the tunnel itself was £871,000, the entire cost will be nearly £1,250,000. But the work has been so successfully carried out that other tunnels of a similar character will be undertaken at different points of the river, beginning at Greenwich.

THE VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION.

A most interesting, appropriate, and instructive feature of the London public entertainments for this season of the Queen's sixty years' reign celebration is the Exhibition, opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge last Monday, in the well-known grounds and buildings adjacent to the Earl's Court and West Brompton railway stations, arranged by the same manager, Mr. Imré Kiralfy, whose skill has achieved on those premises repeated former triumphs of a similar kind. The gardens, the lake, the halls, arcades, courts, and pavilions remain as in former Exhibitions, but with some improvements, while the painted scenery, instead of representing foreign countries and cities, shows many places in the United Kingdom, a view of Windsor Castle being pre-eminent, for the whole design is to illustrate Queen Victoria's glorious and prosperous realm. Picture-galleries, collections of specimens of manufacturing industry, models of machinery, of public buildings, and of naval architecture, books, engravings, photographs, maps and plans, memorials of history, and of the lives and actions of distinguished persons of this age and nation, afford a great variety of objects for study. Dramatic art, music, vocal and instrumental, pyrotechnic and other brilliant illuminating devices, and costume dances of the diverse picturesque figures belonging to the vast British Empire all round the globe, will relieve the attention of visitors after a closer inspection. Other recreative facilities, including the famous and familiar Great Wheel, still revolving to a lofty height, commanding a wide metropolitan prospect, add to the manifold attractions of this place of entertainment. But much useful knowledge of our own times and of our own affairs, of this country, with its Colonies and its Imperial dominions, and of the state and dignity, the public life and character, of English royalty, confirming the sentiment of English loyalty in the hearts of her Majesty's subjects, must be gathered by an attentive survey of the contents of this Exhibition.



THE VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT, OPENED BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



AN EPISODE IN THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: CONSUL MERLIN'S WIFE HOISTING THE COMMUNICATION SIGNAL FROM THE ROOF OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT VOLO.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

After the stampede from Turnavo, followed by the disastrous retreat from Larissa, the inhabitants at Volo hourly expected the Turkish cavalry. All who could leave the town did so, but for the unhappy remainder there was nothing to be done but await the issue of events. All the Consuls had their hands and houses full. British residents naturally flocked to Consul Merlin and his brave wife for shelter. The Consul gave protection to all of his own nationality, but for the Greeks he could do no more than persuade them to make use of an enclosure surrounded by high bullet-proof walls. On the arrival of

H.M.S. "Dryad" the English troubles were to a certain extent relieved. Consul Merlin arranged a plan of signals. The bluejackets came ashore and rigged up a signal-pole, and provided a lantern for the night. Two flags were also provided, with instructions to hoist them on the occasion required. One flag—yellow, with a blue centre, called "Sunflower," was to be hoisted to bring a boat, and another, yellow and blue checkered, was to ensure the sending of an armed party. Mrs. Merlin was finally entrusted with the signal department, and a most efficient flag officer she made.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with two children of Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor on Friday, May 21, before noon, arrived at Sheffield at five o'clock in the afternoon, and stayed in that town over two hours. Leaving at twenty minutes past seven, by railway to Preston, Carlisle, and Scotland, the Queen, with Princess Christian, travelled through the night, and reached Balmoral on Saturday morning. The Queen's birthday, on Monday, May 24, was observed by reviews and parades of the troops at Aldershot, under the Duke of Connaught, at Chatham, Woolwich, Portsmouth, Dover, Shorncliffe, Devonport, Dublin, and other military stations; but its official celebration was deferred till Wednesday. The parade and trooping of the colour at the Horse Guards, under inspection by the Prince of Wales, was the most attractive proceeding in London.

The King of the Belgians, after staying in London several days, went to Balmoral, arriving on Tuesday in the forenoon, to visit the Queen.

The Prince of Wales, having on Saturday, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princess Victoria of Wales, opened the Blackwall Tunnel on behalf of the Queen, as described in a separate account, remained in London for the next two or three days, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark being guests at Marlborough House.

The Duke of York presided on Saturday at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, when Earl Spencer was elected to succeed his Royal Highness as President for the ensuing year. On Thursday his Royal Highness was in the chair at the festival dinner of the Gordon Boys' Home, accompanied by Prince Adolphus of Teck. Subscriptions to the endowment fund were announced which amounted to £13,700, including one gift of £5000 from a gentleman whose name is withheld.

Princess Christian, accompanied by her daughter Princess Victoria, distributed certificates and badges to members of the Army Nursing Service Reserve on May 19 at the Royal United Service Institution. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, presided, and stated that the Army Nursing Service now consists of eighty members, besides whom the Reserve was intended to provide a hundred or more, twenty-two candidates having already been admitted, each to have 'three years' hospital training.

The Lord Mayor made a statement at a Mansion House meeting on Friday to consider the arrangements for the dinner to be given to the poor of London from the fund raised at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales (to which one donor has contributed £25,000) in celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign. This dinner is to take place at noon on Thursday, June 24, in all parts of London simultaneously. The use of many Board schools as dining-halls is likely to be made available; the cost is not to exceed two shillings for each guest, and there will be no intoxicating drink.

The House of Commons South Africa Inquiry Committee on Friday continued the examination of Dr. Rutherford Harris, late secretary at Cape Town of the Chartered Company of British South Africa. He formally complained of the conduct of a member of the Committee, Mr. Labouchere, who published a twelvemonth ago statements in his journal, *Truth*, concerning traffic in shares, regarded as injurious to the character of Dr. Harris, and very recently, in a letter to *Le Gaulois*, a French journal, accused certain persons of conspiring to rob the public by promoting rotten companies with the aid of the attempted revolution in the Transvaal. The Committee, with closed doors, passed a resolution, in consequence of which Mr. Labouchere has withdrawn his charges against Dr. Harris. At the sitting on Tuesday Mr. Hawksley, solicitor to Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company, refused to produce certain telegrams. Miss Flora Shaw, the *Times* correspondent at Cape Town, was the next witness.

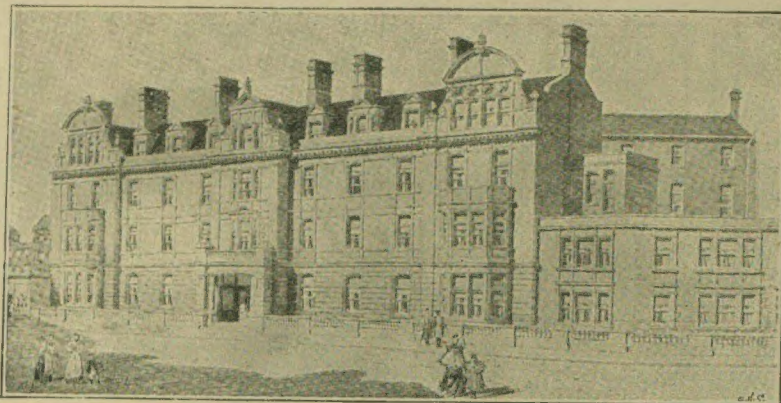
A Bill, promoted by the Corporation of the City of London, for dissolving the City Commission of Sewers and transferring its powers to the Common Council, is now before Parliament, and a Select Committee of the House of Commons on Monday found its preamble proved.

The City Corporation has resolved, in the Queen's Jubilee week or the following week, to give a grand entertainment, inviting four thousand guests, including the distinguished foreign, Indian, and Colonial visitors, at

Guildhall, with a reception in the Library, a concert in the Council Room, and a ball in the old Great Hall.

A coroner's inquest on the death of Henry Pitts, the man killed by the mysterious explosion in a railway carriage at the Aldersgate underground station, has found that it was caused by a dynamite bomb, or some such contrivance, maliciously placed in the carriage, not by any accident with the gas apparatus. The evidence of Sir Vivian Majendie was decidedly to that effect.

Foreign politics this week have been all about the Eastern Question. The Collective Note of the Six Powers,



DESIGN FOR NEW BUILDING OF ROYAL LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL: FOUNDATION-STONE LAID MAY 28 BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

after some demur from Germany, was presented to the Sultan on Tuesday, defining the conditions of the peace imposed on Greece and Turkey. It is said that Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, recently married to a Princess of Montenegro, is to be the Governor-General of Crete.

In Spain, the Duke of Tetuan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been obliged to resign office for boxing the ears of a member of the Senate, Señor Canovas, in a debate on the Cuban affair.

The United States Senate has passed a resolution in favour of recognising the belligerent rights of the insurgents in Cuba.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies, on Saturday, by a majority of 154 votes, approved the Ministerial policy of abandoning Kassala, and restricting in future the limits of Italian dominion on the shores of the Red Sea. The last remaining Italian soldiers held as prisoners of war in Abyssinia have reached home.

The Dominion Government of Canada announced on May 21 that the Imperial Government has approved the arrangements for a fast Canadian Atlantic mail steam-ship

NEW HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.

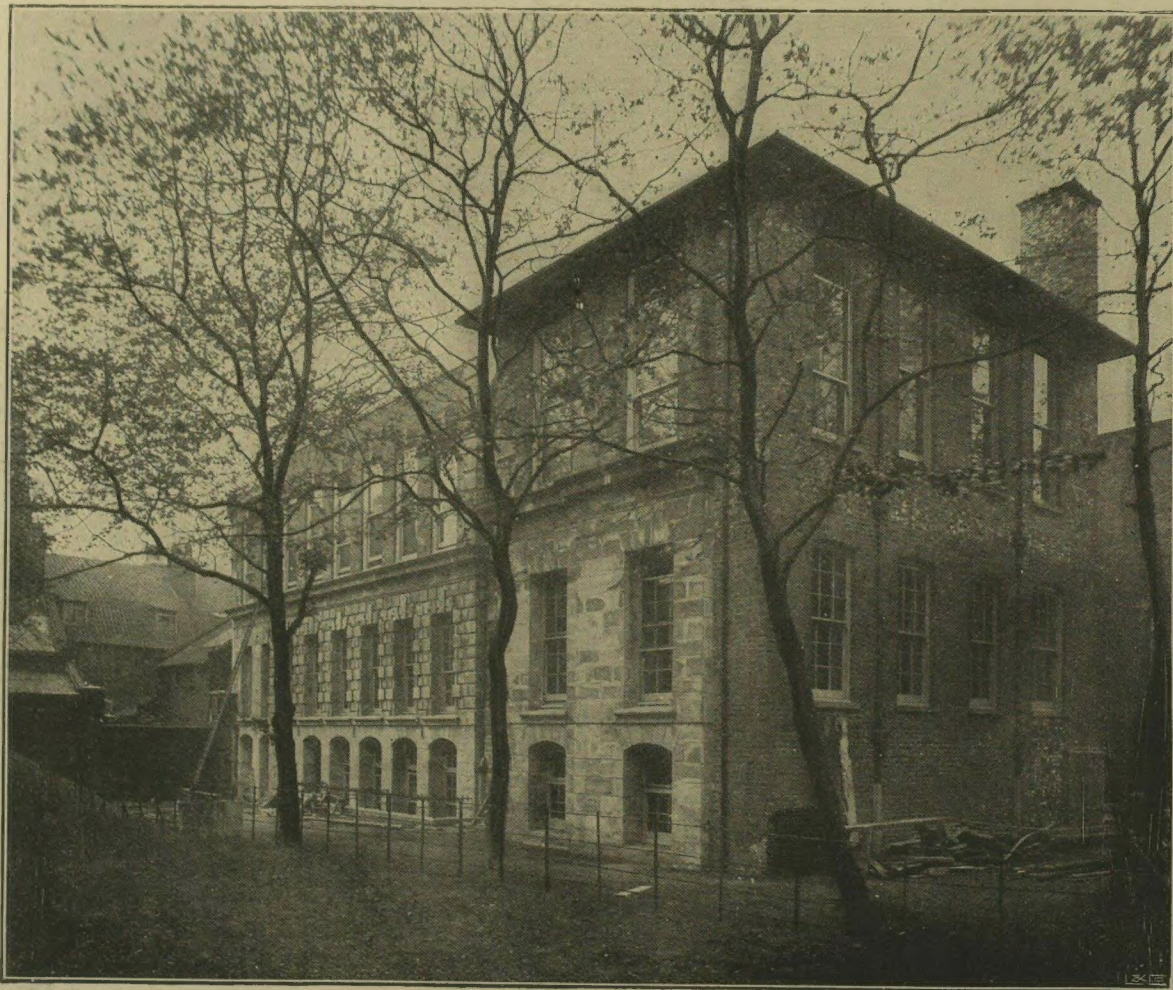
While the stirring appeal of the Prince of Wales on behalf of the hospitals is yet in men's ears, there has been an especial fitness in the performance of two ceremonies connected with the same great cause by his Royal Highness during the past week. On Wednesday afternoon the Prince gave proof of his practical sympathy with the work to which he lately gave his influential support by visiting Guy's Hospital in order to open the new Medical School Buildings, which are doubtless destined to play an important part in the hospital's great work in the future; and on Friday his Royal Highness again lent his aid to the cause of medical charity by laying the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, now in course of erection in the City Road. This important institution has long needed more spacious accommodation than it has owned in Blomfield Street, Moorfields, for the due fulfilment of its aim.

Some idea of the extent of the work of which this hospital is a centre may be formed from the fact that all patients are admitted free and without letters of recommendation, defective sight combined with poverty being the only credential requisite. In addition to the relief of much distress, the hospital has succeeded, by the training which its officers have been able from the first to give to young surgeons, in becoming a very centre of ophthalmic progress. Many of the most eminent eye surgeons have been at one time or another members of the staff or students at the hospital, and some of the most important operations and methods of treatment now known have been initiated within its walls, while the recognition of its work is wide and enthusiastic. The total number of patients treated in 1895 was 28,474, exceeding by 1982 the total number of patients for 1894. Of the above number 2184 were in-patients, of whom 825 were relieved from cataract alone, and the total attendances of out-patients were 131,450, or at the average rate of over 400 for each working day. These figures speak strongly for the immense amount of work that is accomplished at the hospital for the relief of the suffering poor afflicted with eye disease, and the high appreciation which the patients have of the benefits to be derived from the skill and attention of the surgical staff. A suitable site for the new building has been found in the City Road, and the works on it are in active progress. Subscriptions are urgently needed for the advancement of the work.

MUSIC.

The celebration of the Diamond Jubilee among musicians and amateurs of music has taken two definite public forms: at the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court, a more or less complete record, through manuscripts, documents, and other interesting relics of the musical march of the last sixty years has been made; and at the Alhambra the foremost living composer among Englishmen, Sir Arthur Sullivan, has composed the music of a gorgeous National Ballet, the scenario by Signor Carlo Coppi, entitled "Victoria and Merrie England." It was a new development in Sir Arthur's energies, and he brought a brave and stimulated spirit to his task. Such music as this is, of course, only concerned with the lightest, most intelligible, and gayest rhythms, and, within these fixed boundaries, Sullivan's success is extraordinarily brilliant and complete. If the comparison be not too fantastic, melody after melody flies from his score like the winged rosy cherubs of elder Italian art, as pretty, as vital, as quaintly delectable as they. The Morrice Dance, for example, is an exquisite measure, light of wing and fairy-like; the Nymphs' Waltz is beautifully scored and attractively written, while the Mazurka, the Comic Dances, the processional numbers, and the massive combination of patriotic airs at the close were excellent in every way. The scenario, a series of living and moving pictures representing English life and history in the past and present, was gorgeously as *première danseuse* was as gaily skilful as ever, and the *ensemble* was in every way worthy.

At the end of last week M. Jean de Reszke was very cordially welcomed back to Covent Garden in the character of Lohengrin by an exceedingly full house. It has become a commonplace to say year by year that the great tenor returned in his best voice, but the commonplace must nevertheless be spoken. It would be difficult to conceive anything finer than his acting and singing through that very trying opera. He appeared again on Tuesday in "Roméo," and his success was again no less triumphant.



NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON MAY 26.

Photo Russell, Baker Street.

service, to be provided by Messrs. Petersen, Tate and Co., of Newcastle, with a contract speed of twenty knots an hour, Canada paying a yearly subsidy of half a million dollars, and the Imperial Government 250,000 dollars, to defray the cost.

Violent election riots have taken place in Hungary; the soldiers fired on the mob at Bosnyaczi, killing fourteen persons and wounding thirty.

Near Kharkoff, in Russia, a whole village has been destroyed by fire, leaving two thousand people destitute and homeless.

PERSONAL.

Throwing inkstands at the Speaker is a device of obstruction in the Austrian Reichsrath. It must make the most obstructive members of the House of Commons feel virtuous. There was once a bout of fisticuffs on the floor of the House, but no violence has ever been offered to the Chair since the days when certain members held the Speaker down by force to prevent him from putting an end to the sitting. The President of the Reichsrath appears to have fainted before the disturbance began, and it was the Vice-President who received the volley of inkstands. Perhaps he will add an iron screen to the appurtenances of his official dignity.

President Kruger must be interested in Mr. Redford, Examiner of Plays. Mr. Redford has prohibited a caricature of Mr. Kruger on the London stage. It is probable that the caricature would not have disturbed Oom Paul, who is unacquainted with some of the arts of ridicule as practised in Europe; but he will be impressed by Mr. Redford's official authority, and may wonder why that gentleman is not Colonial Secretary.

Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., Senior Alderman of the City of London, died on Friday, May 21. Sir



Photo Russell and Sons.

THE LATE SIR JAMES CLARKE LAWRENCE, BART.

James was the second son of Mr. Alderman William Lawrence, and he survived his elder brother, Sir William Lawrence, by only one month. He had been Alderman of Walbrook Ward since 1860 until three weeks ago, when he succeeded his brother as Alderman of the sinecure Ward of Bridge Without. He was Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1863, the year of the Prince of Wales's marriage, and was elected Lord Mayor in 1868. Those were stirring times; for during his term of office he opened the Central Meat Market in Smithfield, laid the foundation-stone of the Finsbury Middle-Class Schools, committed for trial, after a preliminary hearing of the charges against them, certain directors of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co., and witnessed the opening, by the Queen, of two of the greatest works ever carried out by the Corporation—Holborn Viaduct and Blackfriars Bridge. His Baronetcy followed. Sir James represented Lambeth in Parliament from 1868 to 1885. He married, in 1887, Agnes, elder daughter of Mr. Michael Castle, of Clifton, by whom he leaves only one child—a daughter.

Mr. James Hayes Raper, who died last week at his residence in Pembroke Square, Kensington, had been a

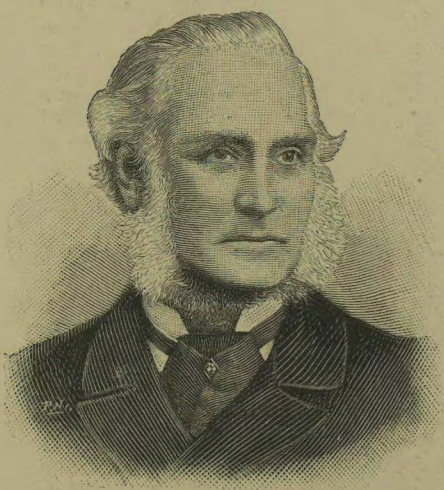


Photo Fry, Brighton.

THE LATE MR. J. H. RAPER.

teetotaller ever since the year of the Queen's Accession. Born in Carlisle in 1820, he became at an early age a teacher in a Methodist school in Bolton, varying his schoolmaster career with that of a speaker on temperance. His great good-humour was as powerful a pleader as was his eloquence, and it always ingratiated him with his hearers, even when they were hostile to him in opinions. In 1860 he was appointed Parliamentary Agent to the United Kingdom Alliance, a post he resigned in 1873, though he continued his activities on the executive body of the Alliance. In 1880, his popularity with his fellow-workers was proved by their presenting to him a testimonial of £1600.

Westminster Abbey has at last been equipped with a memorial of Scott, for on May 21 a copy of Chantrey's bust at Abbotsford (made by Mr. Francis Hutchinson) was unveiled in Poet's Corner by the Duke of Buccleuch, as head of the great Border family to which Scott belonged. The Duke, as a baby, once shook hands with Waverley, while Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford and her family, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Balfour made a goodly show of Scott enthusiasts. The bust, which stands under the shadow of the great Argyll, received the warm commendation of Sir Theodore Martin, while Scott's tremendous greatness was emphasised by the American Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, in the first public speech which he has made in this country.

It is interesting to remember that the first Earl of Buccleuch married a daughter of the Earl of Erroll; but while Colonel Hay's family came from Scotland six generations ago, his Excellency, with that touch of scorn for pedigree which the theoretical American possesses, has not

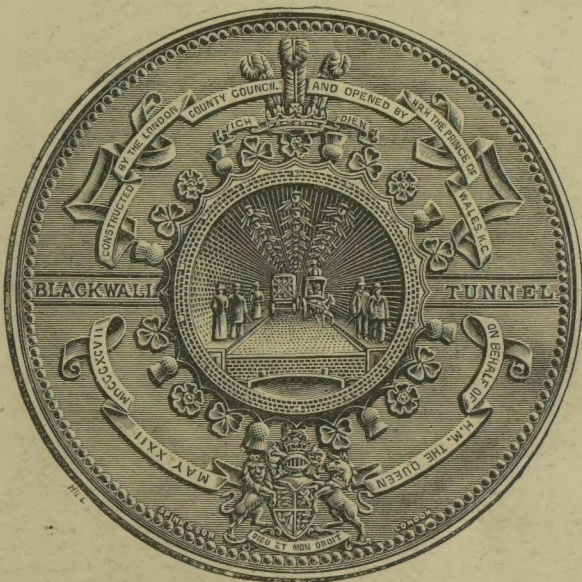
investigated the origin of his family, and is unable to say whether he belongs to the noble house of Hay. Apropos of the Errolls, it may be noted that a very charming article on the love-letters of that Countess of Erroll who married John Hookham Frere appears in the June number of *Longman's Magazine*.

Mr. William J. Bull, the Chairman of the Bridges Committee of the London County Council, has taken an

Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.
MR. W. J. BULL.

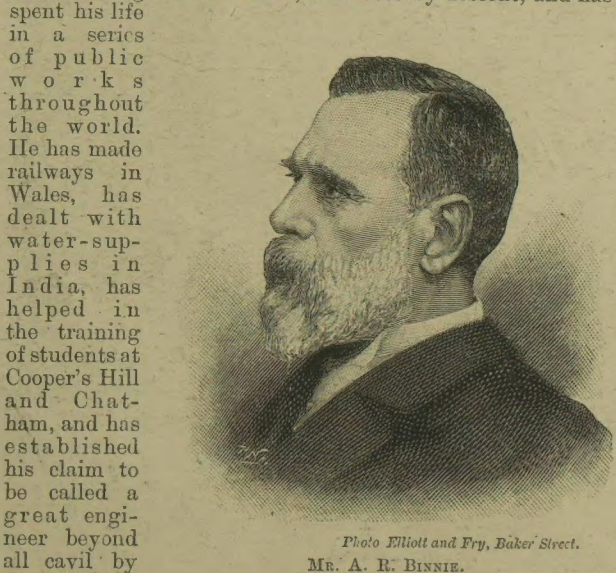
interest in the progress of the Blackwall Tunnel as keen as if he had been one of the engineers in charge. A solicitor by profession, he entered the Council in 1892, while not yet thirty, to represent Hammersmith, where he resides, in the Moderate interest. So quickly did he grapple with the enormous range of facts that the active Councillor must master that within two years he was made Chairman of the Bridges Committee—which controls thirty-two bridges, and has a certain jurisdiction of the river from Hammersmith to Woolwich, where the great steam ferry plies. Mr. Bull is an enthusiast whose optimism inspires everybody who comes into contact with him—which may account for the fact that he has been Chairman of his Committee for three terms.

The gold medal which was presented to the Prince of Wales as a souvenir of the tunnel is one of the heaviest ever struck in England, weighing no less than twelve ounces of 22-carat standard. The obverse presents the

REVERSE OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.

beautiful bust of the Queen which is now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, while the reverse will be seen in the accompanying illustration. This record medal has been designed and struck by Messrs. Spink, the great numismatists, of Piccadilly.

Mr. A. R. Binnie, who as Chief Engineer to the County Council designed the tunnel, is a Scot by descent, and has

Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
MR. A. R. BINNIE.

spent his life in a series of public works throughout the world. He has made railways in Wales, has dealt with water-supplies in India, has helped in the training of students at Cooper's Hill and Chatham, and has established his claim to be called a great engineer beyond all cavil by the Blackwall Tunnel. He is the author of a wonderful scheme for bringing water to London from Wales, which may one day have to be taken up with compelling seriousness.

The King of Siam has set forth on his European tour only after many preparations. Before he returns to his kingdom he is to spend, according to an Eastern calculation, a quarter of a million pounds. He has come, therefore, with a large credit. But one thing has been left out

of his kit, almost as necessary as a cheque-book. He has not a photograph with him. This was a disappointment to Arabi Pasha, on whom the King called in Colombo. Arabi was put off with an autograph and a promise. England, at any rate, can supply the deficiency; and his Majesty, whenever he visits London, will probably get enough applications for sittings to suggest to him that we are a nation of photographers.

Mr. Michael Davitt is still possessed of the singular delusion that the policy of England in the East justifies the rejection of the Arbitration Treaty by the United States Senate. If there is any force in this argument, it would expose all the relations between England and America to the judgment of the Senate in matters which do not concern the United States at all. Suppose we had an Arbitration Treaty, and the sentiments of the Senate were shocked by something that English policy did on the Equator; this, according to Mr. Davitt's logic, would justify that body in tearing the Treaty up.

An international conference on Armenian relief, convoked by the International Association of the Friends of

Armenia, was held on May 19 at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross. Several papers on relief work in the United Kingdom, and in France, Germany, America, Switzerland, and Belgium were read. Delegates from these different countries were present: Le Père Charmetant and Le Pasteur Appia came from Paris, Dr. T. Lepsius from Berlin, Colonel Favre from Geneva, etc. Salvos manufactured in a small Cumberland village were presented to the delegates; they bore the Crusaders' shield and cross—the emblem of Armenia—surrounded by olive-branches, and surmounted by a dove with outstretched wings. Le Père Charmetant attracted much attention by his stately appearance and patriarchal head, as well as by his wonderful eloquence. He is in high favour at the Vatican, and has great influence with the Catholic party in France. He has been for years a missionary in Africa and in the East, and speaks several Oriental languages. He is now the Director of the Work of the Catholic Schools throughout the East. He has been the first in France to proclaim that the Armenian atrocities were not a tale invented by the English for some selfish *arrière pensée*—as the Parisian Press was pleased to put it—but a horrible reality corroborated by the testimony of French Consuls and French missionaries. Le Père Charmetant appealed to the generosity of the French on behalf of the starving Armenians, and was able to raise in a few months a sum of 500,000 francs.

It is nearly a twelvemonth since an incident of the Matabili War in British South Africa, the brave action of Herbert Stephen Henderson, a trooper of the Bulawayo Field Force, in a fight at Queen's Reef, when Captain Macfarlane led a party to the relief of the advanced post endangered by attacks from large numbers of the enemy, was noticed in the current news of that day. Another trooper, named Celliers, being well forward with Henderson, was dismounted, his horse being killed, and was also crippled with a bullet in his knee. Henderson then set his wounded comrade upon the horse which he had himself been riding, and started, leading the animal, these two having been left alone, to walk with him a long distance to Bulawayo. It was a perilous and toilsome journey of two days and nights, without any food, but they got in safely. The Queen has now bestowed on Henderson the Victoria Cross. He is a son of the late Mr. Walter Henderson, of a well-known shipbuilding and engineering firm at Glasgow, but served his apprenticeship at Belfast.

A sad story comes from Hyderabad. The Nizam proposed to present to the Queen a valuable diamond; but when the jewel was inspected it was found to be paste. The history of the stone is mysterious. The Nizam was willing to pay £300,000 for it, but the British Resident at Hyderabad objected to such extravagance. Part of the purchase money was advanced, and then the Nizam sued the diamond broker for the amount. As the case was decided in favour of the defendant, the whole transaction remains inexplicable.



Photo Turnbull, Glasgow.

TROOPER HERBERT S. HENDERSON, V.C.

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THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



GREEK PEASANTS FLYING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE TURKS: A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO PHARSALA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.



ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY HARDY.

LYDIA FRENCH had a shop opposite the church. The little town or overgrown village had no market, but there were fairs held in the space before the church on one side and Lydia French's shop on the other twice in the year. Both were cattle fairs, frequented by farmers. On such occasions bullocks ran about with tails lifted, yelling men and barking dogs behind and before them, and made either for the churchyard wall or for Lydia French's shop-window. The Oddfellows, moreover, held their annual feast there, and processionized behind a band, and waved banners and wore sashes, and ate and drank heartily at the Peal of Bells. On such occasions stalls were erected in the open space, where nuts were shot for, and barley-sugarsticks and twisted peppermint rods and brandy-balls were sold, also ginger-pop and lemonade. On all these occasions Lydia French's shop was full of customers. She, moreover, had a good *clientèle* in the entire parish, but experienced less difficulty in disposing of her goods than in getting her little bills paid.

But though there were defaulters, yet those who liquidated were in the majority, or Lydia French would not have been the prosperous woman she was. Her aspect breathed a fullness of purse and flush of comfort that was convincing. She could afford herself, on occasion, a silk gown. She made weekly expeditions to the Bank to pay in hebdomadal profits. She had recently repapered her little parlour, and the paper was white and gold.

She was generous. When children put down their pennies for acid drops or almond rock, she always made the balance incline in their favour, to their great admiration; when their mothers bought calico, she was not particular to a quarter of a yard; and she was large hearted—she subscribed equally to the missionaries of church and chapel.

Lydia French was a widow. She had been married but for a twelvemonth to a commercial traveller, who had in the brief year tried her forbearance and strained her means, and she had now been a widow of three years, and was without incumbrance.

Several had made advances to her, but she soon let commercial travellers understand that none of them need apply. There was one who trafficked in a "Life of Wellington," with magnificent steel engravings, issued in parts, who laid siege to her; and when he would not take a "No" she refused to receive any more numbers of the series. Whereupon he threatened her with legal proceedings, averring that she had bound herself to Wellington from the cradle to the grave when she received the first part. She paid up rather than go into court, and nursed bitterness of heart against travellers thenceforth. The man whom she had married was bad enough; this Wellingtonian man was "wusser," as she expressed it. It really was preposterous that such a woman, plump, prosperous, comely, should not find her man.

But, indeed, there were plenty of men who wanted her, only she was hard to please. A young farmer—she did not relish farm-work; she did not wish to give up the shop. The blooming butcher—she had an aversion to the trade. A handsome drover—he tipped. A Methodist class-leader—he was a teetotaler, and she liked her drop of mild ale.

But, finally, she seemed to hesitate between two—John Newbold, the mason, and Jack Westcott—or, as the children called him, Jackie Waistcoat, the Sailor.

Both were fine men, and both had good characters; the first was somewhat too heavy, the latter somewhat too lively. But where is perfection to be found? In woman, perhaps—nay, certainly—not in man.

There was this advantage to whichever she cast the kerchief, that he would not require her to give up the shop. To the shop she was attached. The shop made her a power in the parish, brought her into relation with all, gave her

consequence, and drew to her a good deal of money. That, then, was a *sine quâ non*—that she should keep the shop after marriage as before. Besides, she did not desire to have a husband always hanging about her, like a fly in hot weather, that will not be driven away. She was accustomed to independence. A man on the premises all day implied interference, and that she was determined not to tolerate.

Lydia French sat in her shop; no business was doing this day. She had made up her account to Midsummer, and the balance was good; it made her feel good—like a bracing sermon or a melting hymn. She had taken stock—roughly. Everything was satisfactory. The little house was in excellent condition, she owned it; that is to say, on three lives, and she had paid Newbold's bill for putting it in thorough repair. The chimney had smoked; that was cured by the new revolving cowl. The drain from the sink had emitted smells; that was rectified—Newbold had put down a stink-trap. Newbold was a useful man when any masonry work was required. Could she put up with him for always—for better, for worse?

She looked up, and looked out at her little window between the bottles of pink and pallid drops, and the withered oranges that would no longer sell, and the stay-laces, and the ginger-beer bottles, and the can of mustard, and the tin of biscuits. And she saw that which was to her a constant worry—the weathercock on the church spire.

In the great gale of the preceding November the cock had been blown on one side, the spindle on which for many years it had revolved had been bent over, so that now the poor bird lay on his back in



"Good morning, Mem. I thought, with your good favour, I'd fill my pouch with Virginia shag."

mid-air, and could neither right himself nor turn with the wind.

Mrs. French, neat in herself, orderly in her house, above all, in the shop, could not endure to see what was out of place, inverted, useless. She had liked to know from which direction the wind blew. It had provided her with conversation with her customers. It had satisfied her sense of the fitness of things that the spindle on the spire should be upright, and that the vane should fulfil the object for which it was ordained.

Now more than six months had passed, and the cock was still reversed. She had remonstrated with the parson.

"My dear Mrs. French," he had replied, "that is the affair of the churchwardens. I have badgered all my friends, and impoverished myself over the restoration of the church—I can do no more."

She complained to the churchwardens. "Lor bless y'," said they, "there be no levying o' church-rates now, what can we do?"

"It really is a scandal," said Lydia. "And now the Village Feast is coming off, and the Oddfellows will march about, and the cock will—"

"Be an odd fellow, too, turned upside down, like many of the heads after ale and punch."

"I don't like it," said Lydia. "I sees it with its

of the wind. It is as bad as having a kitchen clock as won't work. That there church rooster—"

Mrs. French never spoke of the weathercock, but used an American euphemism—whether acquired from the commercial traveller who had married her or whether she thought it more refined, I cannot say.

"Ah!" said Newbold.

"Well, now," said Westcott.

"It really do seem a burnin' shame to have the poor unfort'nate bird lyin' on his back and kickin' at the clouds, and that, too, on the day of the parish feast. What will folk say of us? That we've no public spirit left. The farmers might get up a subscription. Would it be so amazin' expensive? Would they have to scaffold all the tower up, and to the top of the spire?"

"That's the way masons 'ud set about it," said Jack Westcott contemptuously.

"And pray how 'ud sailors do it?"

"Swarm up," said Jack.

"Get along! That wouldn't do it."

"Yes, it would, I bet my boots. I might, but you—"

The sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"For the matter of that," observed the builder, after musing a while, "I don't see but what it might be done, and done at no terrible cost. There's a sort of a winder on

till our faces met at the top? And I bet my boots we wouldn't kiss there; we'd come to a grapple."

"Really," said the widow, with a shudder, "this is startling. A contest on the pinnacle of the spire between you—and all for me. I ain't worth it."

"Not worth it!" exclaimed the mason, and was about to fall on his knees, when the sailor pointed to his boot, and brandished his foot meaningly. "I can't allow that—and in my presence."

"We will draw lots who is to go up and attempt it," said the mason.

"And who is to have fair field and no interference for courtin'," said the mariner.

"Done! It shall be so!" said Newbold.

"I agrees," said Westcott.

"Now there is one thing I bargain for," observed the builder. "If he who first attempts it fails and falls, and gets squelched, don't let the other take advantage, and shirk doing of it in his turn. Let him also venture, like a man."

"Like a man!" echoed the tar. "'England expects every man to do his dooty.'"

"Come, shall we draw matches?"

"Matches! It's a match for one alone."

"Then toss up."

"Toss up you are. And the winner has fair field and



There were plenty of men who wanted her, only she was hard to please.

blessed feet turned up and its comb down—helpless. It is real unchristian and inhuman to let it bide so."

The churchwardens said, "Meddlin' with aught on the steeple is darned expensive. Beside, 'taint everywhere you can find a steeplejack."

So Lydia fidgetted and mused and schemed: that vane became the trouble of her life.

In at the shop-door came simultaneously, from opposite directions, the builder and the mariner.

They had a curious knack, these men, of spying on each other and of denying each other the opportunity of having a few words in private with the widow.

In this, however, the sailor had the advantage over the mason, for he was not daily engaged, as was the other. But Newbold so contrived that when he was absent, should Westcott endeavour to steal a march on him, his mother or his sister should invade the shop and so prevent privacy.

Which was the favoured swain neither could decide; but that was not wonderful, for Lydia had not decided for herself.

"Good morning, Mem," said the mason. "I'll just trouble you for an ounce of bird's-eye."

"And I'll have same of Virginia shag," said the sailor.

"Fine day, Mem," said Newbold.

"Which way is the wind?" asked the widow.

"East by nor'-east," answered Westcott.

"Ah! then we shall have fine weather, and lasting for the Revel."

"Hope so," said the mason.

"It is really distressing—I can now never tell the way

each side of the spire, and I suppose it would be possible to run out planks and make a sort of a platform and set up a ladder agin' the steeple."

"Would it not be dangerous?"

"Oh, of course there's nothing in that way without danger. But if it has to be done, it can be done."

"I warrant I'd get up without any of your arrangements," said the mariner.

"I daresay you might," responded the builder slowly; "but what good would that be? You've more to do than spike a Jacky Tar at the top; you've got to remove the spindle, and that must be roped and let down with caution. There's a deal of things belonging to all things," said Newbold sententiously, "and that's what escapes the likes of you."

"I bet I'd do it!" said the sailor.

"I bet so would I!" said the mason.

"But," added the latter, "I ain't going to risk my precious life and sacrifice time and labour for nothin'."

"Now look here," said Westcott, "there be you and me hoverin' round about this here lovely creetur, each sunnin' of ourselves in her beamin' eyes and neither on us gettin' no closer, and both of us lusty fellows, one accustomed to masts and other to scaffold-poles—"

"I take you," interrupted the mason; "we between us is to set the weathercock to rights, out of love to this adorable female."

"Not just precisely that," said the mariner. "Between us won't do. What if we each went up the steeple simultaneous, and from opposite sides? Wouldn't the distance atween us be every foot of ascent lessenin' and lessenin',

no just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony."

"Here is a penny," said Newbold.

"A penny! You ought to blush the colour of the copper to suggest it. I will toss only gold for such a bloomin' and lovely lady. Here is a sovereign. Heads or Royal Arms—which?"

"Heads for me!" said Newbold.

"And arms—they extended arms for me," said Jack Westcott, with a leer at the widow.

The sailor tossed the sovereign.

"Heads!" he exclaimed.

"Best of three," said the mason condescendingly.

"Tails!" said Jack, after the second toss.

Now all paused and looked at each other. The widow's face expressed anxiety.

Up went the gold piece once more, whisking high, and Westcott caught it, but paused a moment before opening his palms.

"Come, man! Let us see our fate," said Newbold.

The sailor raised his right hand, and the sovereign in his left disclosed the reverse of the coin uppermost.

"I've won!" said the builder. "It is I who am to have the first shot at the weathercock."

"And I bide below with the lady," said the mariner.

"Let me consider," mused Newbold. "I have a little job on hand for Squire Theobald; it will take me about a week, and my ladders be all engaged. But I'll tell you what. Monday week will suit me, and that will be time enough before the Feast."

"Oh, Mr. Newbold, do not be too rash," pleaded the widow.

"Ma'am, I would dare anything for you," he answered gravely.

The tidings that John Newbold was going to ascend the spire and put the vane to rights produced lively satisfaction in the breasts of the villagers, and awoke vast curiosity to know how he would set to work to accomplish it.

The day was fine—grey with occasional drifts of fog, but nothing to signify, and there was happily no wind. Nearly every parishioner was out to observe proceedings. Nearly—not all; there were exceptions. Mrs. French did not quit her shop. It neither comported with her ripe dignity to be seen among the rabble staring up at the sky, nor with her affairs, for a crowd on the green promised customers for ginger-beer and lollipops.

To her came Jack Westcott.

"Good morning, Mem. I thought, with your good favour, I'd fill my pouch with Virginia shag. And I'd like—if you have no objection—to see how that chap goes about it from within, on your premises."

The widow bowed.

"Do you think, Mr. Westcott, there is real danger? I should never forgive myself—"

"Lord bless you. That mason chap wouldn't do nothing that would hurt the tip of his nose. You'll see. He'll just run out some planks and nail a strip o' wood across, and lash his ladders as well as lean them agin the strip. Bless your angel face and shining eyes, he'll make all secure for himself."

"But, Mr. Westcott, it really looks a most perilous undertaking."

"Not more so than this," said the sailor, suddenly swinging himself over the counter. "Excuse me, lovely creature! But I can't well see what goes on on the side of the shop-door; there's all them darned advertisements block it up. But here—if I may be so bold as to watch."

"You can take a chair, Mr. Westcott."

"Never! unless you take one as well."

So, with a little complimenting and resistance, it was settled: the widow and the suitor seated themselves on her side of the counter on two chairs, and looked out through the shop-window at the proceedings of the builder.

Now it was seen how he emerged from the lower window of the spire, and how cautiously a short ladder was set up against it, by which, when made secure, he mounted, and placed himself astride the gable. Then a larger ladder was advanced against the incline of the steeple, and set so as to reach a considerable way up. This the mason ascended, and by some means he secured the ladder.

"It's as easy as telling lies," said the sailor. "I believe there are iron crooks let into the steeple."

"But it looks dreadfully insecure," said the widow.

"Do see! he is like a fly against a rod."

"More like a bumble-bee," said Jack.

"What if he was to lose his head?"

"Not such a risk to him as to me," sighed the mariner.

"What do you mean, Mr. Westcott?"

"Only I never can see any man swarmin' up a mast or so but I feel an itch in my palms to be grapplin' of somethin'. You'll excuse me if I put my arm round and lay hold of the back of your chair."

"If it's any comfort to you, Mr. Westcott."

"I don't think that chair-back very firm," observed Jack.

"Oh! do, do look!" exclaimed the widow. "He is on one ladder, and thrusting up another hands over head! and, oh! if his feet were to give way! if he were to stagger! if the ladder were to slip! oh, I feel—I feel quite giddy and faint,"

"Lean on me," said Jack; "and—drat that chair-back! it is cracked. That's more substantial and agreeable to both parties." He slipped his arm round her waist. "England expects every man to do his dooty."

"I really cannot bear to see poor dear Mr. Newbold thus risk his precious life."

"Then don't," said Westcott; and rising, he brought close together the bottles of mixed sweets and almond-rock in the window. "There, now you can't see nor be seen. Are you better, my angel?"

"Rather," responded Lydia in a faint voice. "And yet I'm all of a tremble. What if he was to fall?"

"We'd mingle our tears over his grave," said the sailor. "Now, look you here."

"I can't; I've such a swimming in my head. Oh, Jack! I can still see something—a fog has swept over the top of the spire; or is it that my eyes are deceived? He's gone! He's gone!"

"It is so—a passing drift of vapour. He's all right. It will cool him. Now, Lydia, this won't do. You'll fret yourself into a brain-fever if you look at him even between the interstices of sweetie-bottles and biscuit-tins. I must convey you where you cannot see him at all; and there's no place better than inside the church. And, by ginger! there goes the parson. I'll call him; he will let us in, and—Lydia, I took the precaution to have a license; it cost me half-a-guinea—here it is. You'd never be so unreasonable as to have that chucked away; so come along."



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

From a Sketch by the Rev. W. C. Bourchier, H.M.S. "Hood."

A narrow gulf divides Lamia from Thermopylæ, where the smoking hot springs (temperature 120 deg. even at the first mill driven by them) rise amid the dreary marshes, now covering what was once sea. The little hill in the foreground is that on which Leonidas and his followers made their last stand. Up to the cessation of hostilities last week it seemed not improbable that this historic battlefield might be the scene of another great contest, for the Greeks were retreating towards Mount Oeta and Thermopylæ from the Turkish attack on their positions at Phourka and on Mount Othrys, and the natural strength of the position above Thermopylæ has been described by several war correspondents as likely to have counted greatly in favour of the Greek forces.

"Oh, Jack! I wouldn't do anything as wasn't right and honourable. He, up there"—with her chin she indicated the top of the spire, then enveloped in fog—"he'll expect to have me if he brings down the rooster."

"Not a bit, my dear. Nothing was set down in writing, but I call you to witness—he who had the choice was to go up the spire and leave the coast clear for the other to propose and to offer no just cause or impediment. Was it not so?"

"I did not quite understand it in that light."

"But I did."

"Will Mr. Newbold, though?"

"My dear Lydia, he is up in a fog. England expects every man to do his dooty. Hero's the license. Come along."

Two hours later, with a triumphant air and firm stride, the builder entered the shop, dragging along an immense battered weathercock detached from the spindle. It had once been gilt, it was now in a rusty, measly condition. Within he saw the widow and sailor side by side.

"Done!" shouted he. "I've got the cock!"

"Done!" replied the mariner. "I've won the hen!"

"I've been up in the clouds," said Newbold.

"And I am in the seventh heaven. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Westcott!"

THE END.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is no probability that the question of the Wesleyan Methodist itinerancy will be brought before Parliament at an early date. The May district synods of the Wesleyan Connexion discussed the subject fully, and the difference of opinion was so great that the most ardent advocates of the extension of the three years' limit now admit that it would be useless to proceed any further in the matter at present. It is expected that the committee, which has been working for some years to prepare a case for submission to Parliament, will be dissolved at the forthcoming Conference at Leeds.

The Bishop of Hull has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to leave Scarborough for the Italian lakes.

Dr. Maclear, the Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, is making a good recovery from his recent unfortunate accident. It is hoped that he will be quite well by July 3, when the Bishops attending the Lambeth Conference are to be entertained at luncheon at St. Augustine's.

One of the handsomest pulpits in England is that which has been erected in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral to the memory of the late Dean Payne Smith. It is of carved English oak, and has a splendid marble base. Its central position commands the whole of the nave and the south aisle, the preacher's book-board being turned towards the south-west. The oak has been stained to a somewhat dark colour, so as to contrast with the light tone of the stone columns and the walls.

"Peter Lombard," of the *Church Times*, has been taking a holiday at Dorking. It is surprising to find that he describes George Merodith's house at Boxhill as a "little wooden cottage."

The late Warden of Keble was keenly interested in mission work. His last public act was to preside over a meeting of the Finance Committee of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta at his own house. When business was over, in saying farewell to the members, he added, "I am rather tired, and I think I shall go to sleep." From that

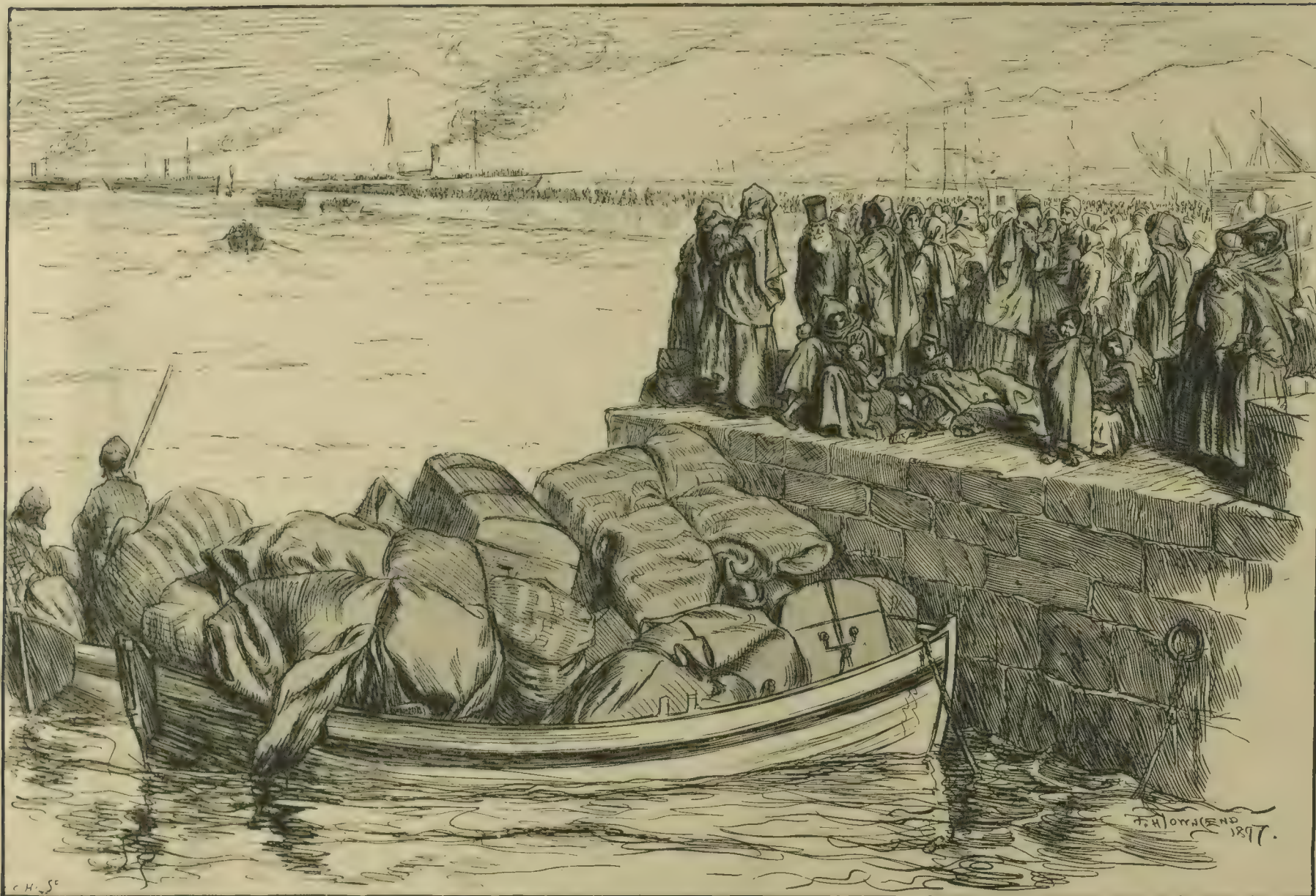
sleep he never consciously awoke again in this world. The late Warden's chief interest during recent years was, of course, the preparation of the "Life of Dr. Pusey." With the help of the Rev. J. O. Johnston, he had to revise and sometimes rewrite the rough notes left behind by Canon Liddon. He used to say that many reviewers singled out for quotation certain passages as characteristic of Liddon which were really written by himself or his colleague.

A curious incident took place at a meeting recently held in the Church House. Canon Knox-Little had been announced to speak, but he did not appear, and Mrs. Sumner, wife of the Bishop of Guildford, who was in the chair, made an elaborate apology for his absence upon the plea of illness. As she was speaking, Canon Knox-Little arrived on the platform. "I have fallen ill," he said, "but I promised you never to break an engagement." In the course of his speech, touching on the subject of card-playing, he owned that he himself hardly knew one card from another, although he had tried to learn whist.

It has been finally decided that the remains of the late Archbishop Benson shall remain in the vault under the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, where they were originally deposited. A recent Order in Council authorised the interment of Archbishops in the crypt, but Mrs. Benson and her family have decided not to avail themselves of this privilege.

V.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



FUGITIVE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WAITING TO BE TAKEN OFF BY THE STEAMER FROM VOLO.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



RUSSIA'S FOOTHOLD IN GREECE: THE RUSSIAN NAVAL STOREHOUSE NEAR POROS.

From a Sketch by the Rev. W. C. Dourchier, H.M.S. "Hood."

In Kapodistria's time the Russians acquired from Greece the naval storehouses shown in the accompanying sketch. Of late they seem to have forgotten them and let them go to ruin. In 1802, however, and again in 1894, the Russian Fleet visited them, and the Mayor of Poros, on one of these

occasions, telegraphed to M. Tricoupi to know whether he was at liberty to allow the Russians to have the keys for the storehouses. The incident was reported in the "Times" of that date. The storehouses are covered with drawings and inscriptions by Russian sailors, dated 1802 and 1894.

THE OPENING OF THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.



THE ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES READ BY DR. COLLINS, CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE OPENING OF THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

Photo Russell and Sons, Dicker Street.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

Photo Russell and Sons, Dicker Street.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Outgoing Turk. By H. C. Thomson. (Heinemann.)
The Sultan and His Subjects. By Richard Davey. (Chapman and Hall.)
Philip and Alexander of Macedon. By D. G. Hogarth. (Murray.)
Through Unknown African Countries. By Dr. Donaldson Smith. (Arnold.)
Picturesque Burma, Past and Present. By Mrs. Ernest Hart. (J. M. Dent.)
In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steel. (Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co.)
The Third Violet. By Stephen Crane. (London: William Heinemann.)
Mrs. Crichton's Creditor. By Mrs. Alexander. (London: F. V. White and Co.)
Broken Threads. By Compton Reade. (London: Hurst and Blackett, Limited.)
Fordham's Feud. By Bertram Mitford. (London: Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited.)
Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green. By Jerome K. Jerome. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.)
Pantalas, and What They Did with Him. By Edward Jenkins. (London: Richard Bentley and Son.)

Mr. H. C. Thomson and Mr. Richard Davey are both opportunely to the fore in their respective "Outgoing Turk" and "The Sultan and His Subjects." Mr. Thomson's travels through Bosnia and the Herzegovina supply an excellent object-lesson in the surprising advance made in these provinces by their deliverance from the corrupt bureaucracy of the Turks. Twenty years of Austrian administration have transformed the country, peace reigning where for centuries there was ceaseless strife and a general state of anarchy corresponding to the present condition of Crete. Such discontent as still smoulders is wholly due to religious animosities; but these "underlie everything" in the East, as Mr. Thomson reminds us in his forecast of events in the Balkans. A word of praise is due to the photographs of people and scenery which his camera secured. Mr. Davey surveys a wider field in his skilful narrative of the history and characteristics of the heterogeneous races subject to that poltroon and abettor of foul deeds, Abdul-Hamid II. The volumes deal generally with the Osmanlis or Turks proper, and specially with those of Constantinople, whose stormy and varied history is graphically told. But the personal element drawn from intimate mixture with pasha and peasant invests Mr. Davey's story with enthralling interest which sustains his readers to the end. His sketches of manners, customs, and amusements; his descriptions of mosques, minarets, and dungeons; his indictment of the whole mob of officialdom, lightened by a humorous account of his visit to the Sublime (and squalid) Porte; the details of the terrible subjugation of the women; and the sure doom of Islam—make his pages as instructive as their publication is seasonable. Both writers correct current errors as to the spiritual headship of the Sultan, and define the lines between the political and ecclesiastical powers.

The Turkish advance from Macedonia lends added interest to Mr. D. G. Hogarth's admirable monograph on "Philip and Alexander of Macedon." In this the author of the delightful "Wanderings of a Scholar in the Levant" has set himself the task of readjusting the proportions which history has given that remarkable pair. Our knowledge of Philip is derived from scanty remains of gossip writers; while "Alexander has inspired a whole literature" and become the nucleus of a wide circle of romance and myth whose interpretation has recently been given us by Dr. Wallis Budge. Thus the field was clear for the labour which Mr. Hogarth is specially qualified to supply. The result of his researches is not to belittle Alexander the Great, but to justify Philip's title to a like cognomen. Mr. Hogarth shows that the stupendous structure raised by the son rested on the foundations planned and laid by the father as the creator of a vast political organisation which superseded the limited city-state of the Greeks. Philip thereby evolved the first European Power in the modern sense of the word, an armed nation with a common national ideal. He did not destroy Hellenic liberty, for the decadence of Athens had set in before he appeared to divert the stream of Greek culture into the broad currents of the world. On these Alexander floated eastwards in fulfilment of his primary aim—the revenge of Hellas on Persia; but even the conquest of Darius was forgotten in the more ambitious schemes of, perhaps, the most marvellous man of all time. Mr. Hogarth has command of a sonorous, stately style, and this has telling effect in his description of the decisive battle of Arbela and of the last days of the great victor.

More modest, both in struggle and result, since some fighting fell to him, was Dr. Donaldson Smith's expedition "Through Unknown African Countries," the object of which was to reach Lake Rudolf from the eastern side of the continent. The book records many an adventure, especially in hunting after big game; but the sportsman's well-filled bag has a miscellaneous assortment from which not only the naturalist but also the geographer and ethnologist may draw welcome store. In the Doctor's journey through Galla Land he came upon an interesting settlement of descendants of one Sheikh Husein, a missionary of Islam, who created a Mohammedan community by the simple expedient of marrying a number of native women, and who rests in a venerated tomb which miraculously appeared in a single night over his remains. A race of pigmies, whose characteristics may be advantageously compared with those described some years ago by Du Chaillu, and, more recently, by Haliburton and other explorers, was visited by Dr. Smith. A series of well-executed maps enables the reader to follow the author's track with ease.

Mrs. Ernest Hart is an authority on dietetics, but that care in eating and drinking may be usefully supplemented by change of air and scene is shown in her "Picturesque Burma: Past and Present." If the benefit to the traveller was physical, that to her readers is intellectual as they journey through these brightly written and well-illustrated pages, from Rangoon to Bhamo and up the great Irrawaddy River. We close the book with distinct impressions of the country, with its royal and ruined cities and vast forests; of the heterogeneous people at their work and play, and with their lives burdened by many a living superstition which has become a curious item of folklore among ourselves; while the past history of Burma to the

time of the deposition of the drunken and ferocious Theebaw and the fall of Mandalay is admirably summarised.

The hero of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's new novel, "In the Tideway," cannot have been fortunate in his experience of the sex when he pronounces its heroine "the most perfect woman he had ever seen." She seems to the reader to have left undone everything which she ought to have done, and to have done everything which she ought not to have done. She and her cousin, while loving each other, make the most objectionable mercenary marriages, only to resume their original relations immediately after their respective honeymoons. They drift out to a desolate island of the dead, where they get lost, and spend the night guiltily together, to find in the morning that they had lain in the shelter of a stone coffin, and side by side with the bones of its dead. This shocking discovery stirs the lady to such remorse that she rushes away and is drowned in spite of an heroic attempt at her rescue made by another gentleman—the hero—with whom also she had flirted unconsciously. Altogether "In the Tideway" will be a disappointment to the numberless admirers of that fine novel, "On the Face of the Waters."

Mr. Stephen Crane has followed up his first great success "The Red Badge of Courage," much more effectively with "The Third Violet." The New York studio scenes are poor and pale reflections of those in "Trilby," but the country people and pictures are delightful. The love scenes are specially charming, though you would need to be American in your awe and idolatry of the Almighty dollar to enter into the misunderstandings of the lovers. The lady, who is an heiress, has, so to say, to shout her acceptance over and over again into the ear of the hero, a poor artist, before she can make him believe in his confounding good fortune. In fact, the whole story consists in a succession of the most explicit declarations of love and the most explicit acceptances by the hero and heroine, until you can quite understand the lady crying "Oh, do go! Go! please! I want you to go!" when she is weary of offering him her hand in vain. There is another sort of iteration, of which the reader wearies—the parrot-like repetition of the same phrase by the same person in the conversation.

From such Bohemians and such language to the eminently conventional folk of Mrs. Alexander's new novel "Mrs. Crichton's Creditor," is a far cry indeed, and is a far cry also to the days when novels of this school were in vogue. No doubt Mrs. Alexander's subject—the love of an uncongenially married woman for her natural "affinity," the playmate of her childhood—is sufficiently up to date; but its treatment is on very old lines. The contest between love and duty ends in the triumph of duty, which is almost instantaneously rewarded by the death in a street accident of the lady's intolerable husband. The very talk of the personages has an old-fashioned amble about it which the modern young lady might perhaps pronounce slow. But it is a pretty story, plain and wholesome, like a school-cake.

You would not expect the style of a story whose hero's name is George Pastley Grandison and its heroine's Colly Tempero to amble, or to move at a pace less stately than a prance; and certainly the hero and heroine of Mr. Compton Reade's "Broken Threads" are as melodramatic as their names. "My place as a unit," observes the hero, "is likely to be sufficiently attenuated, so I shall not offend by hypertrophy"; wherefore he goes to Sierra Leone to return only when "enough of the vile dross of gold had adhered to my palms." Meanwhile his wife, from whom a misunderstanding had parted him on his wedding day and at the church door, made an immense success upon the American stage, but passed through the burning fiery furnace of an actress's temptations unsinged. At last they meet again, and all is explained to the hero's satisfaction and to his remorse. "The man was convulsed. He could not speak. He could only press her hand and quiver like an aspen in the toils of rude Boreas."

Yet more melodramatic in style and plot is Mr. Bertram Mitford's "Fordham's Feud." Fordham, an impossible Hyde-and-Jekyll mixture of god and devil, by an infernal intrigue traps into an incestuous marriage the hero whom yet he befriends in other ways, and most of all by twice giving him his life. The hero himself rather alienates our sympathy by insisting on his duellist's right to shoot at an antagonist who had declined, and would, he knew, decline again and again to return his fire. However, "Fordham's Feud" is a stirring melodrama of the transpontine kind.

"Fordham's Feud" ends so dismally that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green" naturally suggested itself as an alternative; but the author of "Three Men and a Boat" can be—not, indeed, melodramatic, since that is precluded by his sense of humour—but serious and even sentimental. Though, however, the serious and sentimental sketches in this volume are effective, we prefer Mr. Jerome in his whimsical vein. No one could help enjoying the inconsequent answers of "Whibley's Spirit," which provoked an exasperated sinner at the *stance* into the outburst, "If it was my spirit, I'd hire another spirit to kick it"; while the troubles of the luckless lover who offered his sweetheart the cat which had eaten her canary as an indemnity for the outrage, are irresistibly funny.

There is some humour also, but of a grim and sardonic kind, in Mr. Edward Jenkins' "Pantalas," which, like "Ginx's Baby," is an indictment against society, civilisation, and Christianity. Mr. Jenkins is specially severe upon the "Salvation Army"—not without reason if the statistics of the Farm Colony are accurate. Surely, however, the Salvation Army does not instruct its male evangelists to kiss the women and its female evangelists to kiss the men they are seeking to convert? By the way, it is only fair to Mr. Edward Jenkins to quote the emphatic claim he makes to having anticipated "General" Booth in his startlingly original comparison of the East End to Dante's Hell. Charity, which believeth all things, may even bring itself to believe that this recóndite comparison was hit upon independently by the two philanthropists.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. John Murray has published a new and popular edition of the "Letters of Princess Alice, with a Memoir by Princess Christian," which gave so much pleasure when it first appeared in 1885. Princess Christian provides a brief preface to the new edition, from which we learn that some notes have been added; and one further letter—"the last my sister ever wrote"—gives additional value to the new volume. Putting aside all the insincerity to which journalists are too often tempted when dealing with royalty, the book strikes me now, as it struck me when I read it in the original form ten or twelve years ago, as a very delightful revelation of a beautiful personality. Princess Alice had unquestionably a genuine and sincere love for literature. The fact that the volume bears the imprint of John Murray of Albemarle Street gives some added point to the rumour that Mr. Murray is to have a place among the Jubilee Knights. I hope that this may be the case. The name of Mr. George Smith, of Smith and Elder, is mentioned as that of a possible Baronet.

Mrs. Meynell informs me that there is no truth whatever in the rumour that she proposes to omit Shelley and Burns from her coming anthology of English verse, nor has she the slightest intention of running counter to the current acceptance of Gray's "Elegy" as one of the enduring joys of English poetry. Mr. F. T. Palgrave did much injury to his delightful "Golden Treasury" in his later revision of it, and in any case there is room for a rival. I look forward to Mrs. Meynell's anthology with very keen interest. The book will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

A correspondence in the *Daily Mail* has been taking place on the justification or otherwise of the word "voice" as a verb, and it is urged on its behalf that the word occurs in Shakspeare, and also in Lovelace. I do not see that the slightest justification can be derived from this. In spite of the foolish suggestions that we should have an Academy to organise our literature and our vocabulary, I am perfectly satisfied that the safest thing for keeping literature alive is to let it alone. Books will live, many of them, on the strength of their style, as many will live on account of their subject-matter. Style is a matter largely of instinct and feeling, and not merely a question of following the old masters. Shakspeare uses the phrase "I wrote you," instead of "wrote to you," but that does not make it in the least desirable that we should adopt such a phraseology.

An interesting feature of the *Chicago Tribune* is a column which it devotes every day to reviews, under the title, "Among the New Books." In the issue to hand I find a notice of Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Hilda Strafford," which the reviewer considers far superior to "Ships that Pass in the Night." He, however, thinks it would be ill-advised for Miss Harraden, after her description of California as "a wretched land, barren and bereft," to revisit that portion of America. "Her reception," writes the reviewer, "would probably be quite frigid." "It is well," he says, "that that State is not a Russian province, for if it were it would be as difficult for her to secure a passport across the border as for Mr. Kennen to get an invitation to St. Petersburg." It is interesting, by the light of this review, to know that Miss Harraden, who is now residing in Hampstead, contemplates a very early return to her Californian friends.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, a gifted Irish priest, who, by the way, is a brother of the Lord Chief Justice, has just published a very interesting collection of poems devoted to St. Joseph, under the title of "St. Joseph's Anthology." Many of the poems are his own, for Father Russell is a poet of considerable attainments, as well as a kind and friendly patron of the younger Irish writers, two of whom, Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) and Katharine Tynan Hinkson, are also represented in this volume. Several of the poems are by that accomplished veteran, Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

A critic in the *Academy*—whose style marks the writer without a superfluous signature—hails Mr. Francis Thompson as one of the Immortals, on the strength of his "New Poems" (Constable and Co.). To justify this definition the critic points to the way that Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth were treated in their time, and by implication calls us to beware of falling into the errors of the older critics.

As a matter of fact, those older critics are somewhat mythical. Against every adverse criticism of Wordsworth and Keats within the first ten years of their literary creativeness you may set a criticism in their favour, and we to-day are in danger of taking too much warning by the critics who made "bad shots." All our geese are swans. Mr. Thompson, for example, has already had his strong partisans, Mr. Coventry Patmore and Mrs. Meynell most notable of them. The question for us is—Are these gifted critics and writers blinded by the fact that Mr. Thompson is a co-religionist of theirs? Is Mr. Thompson a poet of absorbing vitality—a poet, in fact, concerning whom one can glibly use the word "Immortal"? It may be so. Certainly there are many beautiful lines in "New Poems," but there is diction which is not beautiful. A glance at the first dozen poems in his new volume, as the *St. James's Gazette* points out, shows "nervure, inaurole, accipitrine, tremorous, vaultages, vidual curch, lutany, dividuql, arborous, intemperably, rumorously, ensult, omnific, and draffeth," as part of his vocabulary. On consideration, one is inclined to argue, with Mr. Henley, that Mr. Thompson, judged by certain startling criticisms of his of other poets, shows that he can write better prose than poetry.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams, one of our most capable journalists, will shortly publish a volume called "A Dictionary of the English Drama." Those who remember Mr. Davenport-Adams's "Dictionary of English Literature"—and to me it has been a valued work of reference for many years now—will need no further guarantee of the thoroughness which is sure to characterise Mr. Adams's work.

C. K. S.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.



Photo Dickinson, Sheffield.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.



Photo Bedford Lemere, Strand.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE NEW TOWN HALL, SHEFFIELD

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.



Photo Tulley, Sheffield.
MRS. ALEXANDER WILSON,
MISTRESS CUTLER.



Photo Pawson and Prallsford, Sheffield.
MR. ALEXANDER WILSON, J.P.,
MASTER CUTLER.



Photo Faulkner, Baker Street.
LADY MARY HOWARD,
MAYORESS OF SHEFFIELD.



Photo A. and G. Taylor, Sheffield.
MR. J. F. MOSS,
CLERK TO THE SHEFFIELD SCHOOL BOARD.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
MR. ALDERMAN FRANKLIN.



Photo Dickinson, Sheffield.
MR. ALDERMAN SKELTON,
DEPUTY MAYOR.



Photo Bolas, Creed Lane.

THE STAIRCASE IN THE NEW TOWN HALL, SHEFFIELD.



Photo Bolas, Creed Lane.

A CORRIDOR IN THE NEW TOWN HALL.

THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD.

To the citizens of the great industrial town of Sheffield has fallen the honour of providing the prologue to the Imperial theme of the approaching celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and a prologue happier in splendour of display, loyalty of feeling, or favour of attendant weather could not easily have been devised. The Queen's visit to Sheffield on May 21 will long remain a memorable event. It was her Majesty's first visit to the town, and it was celebrated by the loyal thousands who assembled to do homage to their Sovereign with the twofold honour due to her first appearance in their midst on the eve of her Diamond Jubilee. The loyal welcome which would at any time have greeted the advent of her Majesty was, in this year of especial grace, enhanced a thousand-fold by the burst of congratulation which, in sportsman-like Sheffield, found expression in the proudly displayed motto, "Well played! Sixty, and not out!"

The Queen's visit to Sheffield, more particularly for the purpose of opening the handsome new Town Hall, illustrated in our pages both last week and again to-day, was arranged to form a break in her Majesty's journey from Windsor to Balmoral, and it was therefore five o'clock in the afternoon when the actual ceremonial of the day began. By that hour, however, the several miles of Sheffield's gaily decorated streets along

which the royal procession was to pass had long been thronged by a vast multitude of the hard-handed toilers of Sheffield and its neighbourhood, who gave their Queen one of the lustiest welcomes that it has ever been her royal privilege to receive. The Queen, who was accompanied by Princess Christian and the Duke of Connaught, was met at the railway station by the Mayor and Mayoress, the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Mary Howard, the Duke wearing his mayoral robes over his Earl Marshal's uniform, attended by the Archbishop of York, Sheffield's four members of Parliament, the Earl of Scar-

borough, as Lord Lieutenant, and the municipal representatives of the city. After certain of these personages had been presented to the Queen, the procession set forth headed by the Chief Constable and his mounted police, and a troop of the 17th Lancers. The first eight carriages were occupied by the various officials of the day's ceremonial already mentioned, and by the royal suite, the carriage in which sat Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., newly returned from his adventures during the Græco-Turkish crisis, being the centre of much local interest. In the ninth carriage sat Sir Matthew White Ridley, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Sir Fleetwood Edwards, and then, preceded and followed by an escort of Life Guards, came the royal carriage, in semi-state trappings, drawn by four spirited bays. Though not a lengthy cavalcade, it was indeed a brilliant array, touched even with splendour by the element of military pomp; and the gay and frequently rich decorations which met the eye on all sides formed a fit setting for such a procession.

The ceremony at the new Town Hall itself was directed by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lathom, but so well had the ritual of the occasion been planned that all was very smoothly and speedily accomplished. The Recorder of Sheffield read an address to the Queen, who remained seated in her carriage, and the document of this address was then handed to her Majesty by the Mayor, enclosed in the gold casket, which is here reproduced. This casket in itself will form a notable memorial of the opening of the Sheffield Town Hall in the royal collection of art objects of the kind, for its shape is ingeniously in harmony with the architectural style of the new building, and its wealth of symbolical decoration is equally appropriate. Both the casket and the gold key with which the Queen subsequently unlocked the gates of the Town Hall are the

handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of the Royal Works, Sheffield. After the Queen had received the casket and address, her Majesty's reply was handed to the Mayor, and other addresses were then presented by the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Sheffield General Infirmary, by Sir Frederick Mappin, M.P., on behalf of the Town Trustees, and by Mr. Alexander Wilson, Master Cutler, representing the Cutlers' Company. The Queen's replies to each of

these addresses were handed to the several representatives, her response to the Cutlers dwelling more particularly on the great advances made in the wealth and commerce of the Empire during her reign, while the royal reply to the ancient order of Free Tenants laid stress upon the value of public spirit among all classes of citizens as illustrated by the advantageous results of self-government such as the Free Tenants themselves represented. The golden key already mentioned was then handed to the Queen, who inserted it in a detached lock connected by electricity with the gates of the main entrance. The gates swung back as though by magic, and a flourish of trumpets announced to all Sheffield that its new Town Hall was open. The royal procession then passed along into Norfolk Park, where fifty thousand school-children were massed by invitation of

the Duke of Norfolk to spend a happy day and greet their Queen with the National Anthem and other songs and hymns. Much pleased with this gracious spectacle of youthful loyalty, the Queen passed thence to the Cyclops steel and iron works of Messrs. Cammell, to watch the rolling of an armour-plate for the new battle-ship *Ocean*. On the arrival of the royal carriage, the Mistress Cutler, Mrs. Alexander Wilson, presented the Queen with a bouquet in a golden holder, the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, richly chased in appropriate designs. The whole process of rolling a great armour-plate was then carried out before her Majesty, the royal carriage having been drawn up in a temporary shed so near to the mighty furnace that the royal spectators were compelled to hold glass screens before their faces to protect them from the heat. A mass of metal weighing no less than thirty-five tons was extracted at white heat from the furnace by means of huge grappling-irons and dragged to the roller machines, through which it was then passed again and again until a duly proportioned plate was evolved out of the shapeless mass. No fewer than eighty men were employed in the operation, the various stages of which were explained to the royal party by Mr. Alexander Wilson, who combines the chairmanship of the Cammell Company with the ancient office of Master Cutler. And so the Queen's visit was brought to a close with an insight into the tremendous toil of which Sheffield is one of the chief centres, and without which her Majesty's reign could scarce have stood forth as the splendid record of Empire which it must ever remain in the world's history. By half-past seven the Queen was once more speeding northward to gain strength for her approaching Jubilee in the quiet of her Highland home.

But the ceremonies in which the Queen herself took part did not complete the record of a day long to be remembered in the annals of Sheffield, for, before the arrival of the royal train a new hospital at the workhouse of the Ecclesall Bierlow Union was opened, with her Majesty's permission, under the title of "Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Maternity Hospital," the inaugural ceremony being performed by Mrs. Blake, the wife of Major Blake, J.P., Chairman of the Board. We give an illustration of one of the wards in this valuable institution, which has no need of stately proportions such as make the new Town Hall an imposing addition to Sheffield's architecture, but is none the less suited to its purpose in the alleviation of suffering, and is, therefore, no less appropriately connected with the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.



THE GOLD CASKET IN WHICH SHEFFIELD'S ADDRESS WAS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.



THE GOLD FLOWER-HOLDER IN WHICH A BOUQUET WAS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE MISTRESS CUTLER, MRS. ALEXANDER WILSON.



THE GOLD KEY WITH WHICH THE QUEEN UNLOCKED THE GATES OF THE TOWN HALL.



A WARD IN "VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE MATERNITY HOSPITAL" AT ECCLESALL, SHEFFIELD, OPENED MAY 21.

Photo Yates, Fargate, Sheffield.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Shoreditch County Court appears to have a considerable and very enviable monopoly of comic cases, and among these a goodly number connected with the liberal arts. Judge French must have a particularly "good time" of it. A few days ago came what we must consider the climax of burlesque litigation in real life. In "Within Sight of St. Paul's" Mr. Sutton Vane limned for us an obscure Jenny Lind and Patti in one, the niece of a lodging-house keeper. In "The Star of India" Mr. George R. Sims gave us a maid-of-all-work addicted to the perusal of romantic penny "literature" and freely quoting therefrom. The one did not aspire to become an opera singer; the other, as far as we could gather, did not dream of emulating Miss Marie Corelli.

Not so Ada Wilton, a domestic servant, who, instead of cooking the dinner for her mistress's children, left the frying-pan red-hot on the fire, and the steak in the pantry, while she herself was engaged upon a chapter of a novel she was preparing for publication, entitled "The Vengeance of the Viscount." We say "preparing for publication," for it appears that Ada has found a publisher who will introduce her to the republic—or is it anarchy?—of letters as soon as she has saved enough money to pay for the printing of the book. Meanwhile, in order to arrive at this ardently wished-for consummation, she had to remain in service, which service being inadequately performed, Mrs. Stalbrass, her employer, gave her notice. Thereupon, the future novelist sued for a month's wages and another month's in lieu of notice.

The comical aspect of the case notwithstanding, we would not willingly nip genius in the bud. Remembering the humble origin and beginnings of the greatest of English novelists, we should not like to say that Ada Wilton has not the making in her of an authoress fully as good as many one could name whose works are read by thousands. There is at this present moment a young writer whose social condition was a couple of years ago not far removed from that of Ada Wilton. He was a clerk in the City at a salary of £50 per annum. His first book, written under conditions of crushing poverty, was favourably noticed; his second met with a still better reception. He, however, neither wrote about "Vengeance" nor "Viscounts"; he simply reproduced, and with no inconsiderable literary skill, what he had seen. There is no harm in giving his name. I am alluding to Mr. Edwin Pugh, whose "Man of Straw" is a very creditable performance.

Robert Burns was practically a ploughman; Jasmin, the Provençal poet, a barber. His predecessor in the wig and razor line, Charles André, born at Langres, which was also the birthplace of Diderot—of whom I will say a few words directly—evidently lacked the divine spark, for when, in 1760, he sent his tragedy in verse, "The Earthquake at Lisbon," to Voltaire, the latter wrote him a letter of four pages, containing nothing but the words: "Stick to your wigs, Master André, stick to your wigs; make wigs, and nothing but wigs." Master André was highly offended, and opined that M. de Voltaire was getting old, and was "repeating himself." On the other hand, Jasmin, when he sent his first volume to Charles Nodier, received the following letter in reply: "Wig-making is a very honest trade, and verse-making is only a very frivolous pastime and recreation. Nevertheless, Monsieur, I am going to tell you to 'make verses, to make verses,' inasmuch as it is very evident to me that your marvellous organisation has endowed you with this talent, and therefore imposed this destiny upon you; and Heaven forbid that you should write no more, as I would willingly bind myself to read none but yours." Nodier practically gave similar encouragement to Dumas the elder when Baron Taylor, the then Director of the Comédie Française, was hesitating to produce the young fellow's first play, which was, after all, produced second in rotation. "Upon my soul and conscience," wrote Nodier, "I have never read a more remarkable stage production."

But Nodiers are rare, or if not rare, almost inaccessible to beginners of Ada Wilton's condition. She is surrounded by Mrs. Stalbrasses, who, of course, could not recognise talent if they saw it, and who, even after talent had revealed itself, would probably maintain that the girl would have done better to keep on baking and cleaning. M. Jules Claretie, the present Administrator-General of the Comédie Française, was talking one day with a prosperous cutler of Langres—Diderot's father was a cutler—and was asking him if Diderot's name was ever mentioned. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "the fellow made his way; still he would have done better to stick to his father's trade."

Sir Wemyss Reid told an equally pertinent story a little while ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. "Somewhere in the fifties a certain boy in the old town (Newcastle-on-Tyne) showed a strong desire to embark upon the perilous career of journalism. To him entered one day an old friend of the family, anxious, if possible, to snatch the lad from the doom to which he was rushing unheeding. 'Thomas,' he said, in a tone of solemn warning, 'Ah! m sorry to hear that ye want to go to London, and to take to that working in the papers. I mind there was a decent friend of mind, auld Mr. Forster, the butcher in the Side. He had a laddie just like you, and nothing would serve him but he must go to London to get educated, as he called it; and when he had got educated he wouldn't come back to his father's shop, though it was a first-class business. He would do nothing but write, and write, and write, and at last he went back again to London, and left his poor father alone, and a' ve never heard tell of that laddie since.' It was thus," concluded Sir Wemyss, "that the fame of John Forster, the author of the 'Life of Goldsmith,' and the destined biographer of Charles Dickens, was cherished in his native town by his father's ancient friends."

And this is why I am not quite convinced, as many journalists who reported the case of Ada Wilton profess to be, that Ada Wilton is half mad.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CASTLE LEA.—Although the Knight goes to K 5th, the actual move is Kt takes P, and we should so express it. The question you raise is not an easy one to answer, but we would not refuse the solution if worded as you propose.

W. DAVID (Cardiff).—Many thanks for your courteous letter, which is in marked contrast to some we receive under similar circumstances.

R. DOWNS (Vauxhall).—We believe there is such a book, but you had better apply to David Nutt, Foreign Bookseller, Strand.

C. W. (Sunbury), C. BURNETT, and F. JAMES.—Received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2766 received from Mrs. T. E. Laurent (Bombay) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2767 from Bengali Chess Club (Meerut), Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), Thomas E. Laurent (Bombay), and Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2770 from Professor Charles Wagner, C. E. M. (Ayr), Rev. C. R. Lowell (St. Austell), Curt Merseburger (Stuttgart), T. W. (Ware), Cabal (Aylsham), R. Nugent (Southwold), and Albert Ludwig (Alsace); of No. 2771 from Castle Lea, R. Worters (Canterbury), T. Roberts, R. Nugent (Southwold), H. W. Winterburn, T. G. (Ware), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), C. E. M. (Ayr), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2772 received from T. Roberts, T. G. (Ware), Fred Elliot (Crouch End), C. E. M. (Ayr), Colonel Whitehead (Liverpool), R. Worters (Canterbury), R. Nugent (Southwold), F. Hooper (Putney), Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. J. Candy (Croydon), Alpha, J. Bailey (Newark), F. R. Evans (Islington), H. Le. Jenne, Ubique, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), Fred J. Gross, M. A. Fyre (Folkstone), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), E. P. Vulliamy, Bluet, F. Jones (Stribton), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2771.—By W. P. HIND.

WHITE.

1. R to R 5th
2. R takes R P
3. Mates

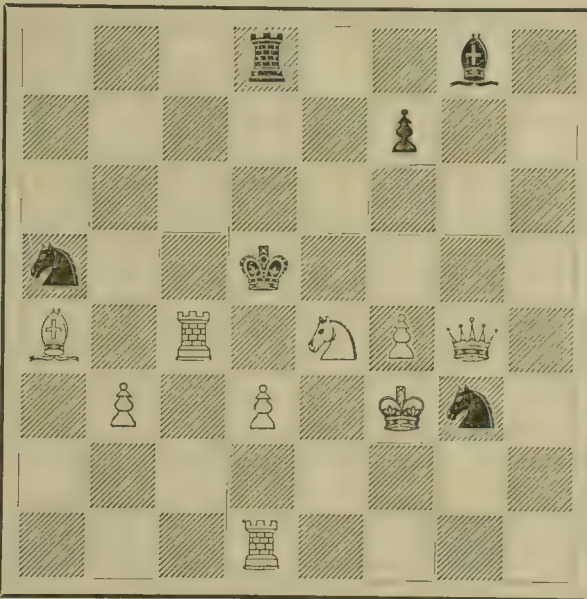
BLACK.

P moves
Any move

1. Black play 1. Kt takes P, 2. P takes Kt, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2774.—By J. T. ANDREWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LIVERPOOL.

Game played between Dr. SHAW and Mr. BURN.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. S.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P to K B 4th

3. Kt to K B 3rd

4. P to K R 4th

5. Kt to Kt 5th

6. Kt takes B P

7. P to Q 4th

8. B takes P

9. Kt to Q B 3rd

10. B to B 4th (ch)

11. Q to Q 2nd

12. Castles (Q R)

13. K R to K B sq

14. B to K Kt 5th

15. Kt takes P

BLACK (Mr. B.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P to K B 4th

3. P to K Kt 4th

4. P to Kt 5th

5. P to K R 3rd

6. Kt takes Kt

7. P to Q 4th

8. Kt to K B 3rd

9. P takes P

10. K to Kt 2nd

11. Kt to Q B 3rd

12. B to Q 3rd

13. B to Q 2nd

14. B to K Kt 5th

15. B to K 2nd

WHITE (Dr. S.)

15. Kt takes Kt

16. R to B 7th (ch)

17. P to R 5th (ch)

18. R to Kt 7th

19. R to R sq (ch)

20. B to B 7th (ch)

21. R takes Kt (ch)

22. Q to B 2nd, mate

23. R takes P

24. Q to B 2nd, mate

25. R takes P

26. Q to B 2nd, mate

27. R takes P

28. Q to B 2nd, mate

29. R takes P

30. Q to B 2nd, mate

31. R takes P

32. Q to B 2nd, mate

33. R takes P

34. Q to B 2nd, mate

35. R takes P

36. Q to B 2nd, mate

37. R takes P

38. Q to B 2nd, mate

39. R takes P

40. Q to B 2nd, mate

41. R takes P

42. Q to B 2nd, mate

43. R takes P

44. Q to B 2nd, mate

45. R takes P

46. Q to B 2nd, mate

47. R takes P

48. Q to B 2nd, mate

49. R takes P

50. Q to B 2nd, mate

51. R takes P

52. Q to B 2nd, mate

53. R takes P

54. Q to B 2nd, mate

55. R takes P

56. Q to B 2nd, mate

57. R takes P

58. Q to B 2nd, mate

59. R takes P

60. Q to B 2nd, mate

61. R takes P

62. Q to B 2nd, mate

63. R takes P

64. Q to B 2nd, mate

65. R takes P

66. Q to B 2nd, mate

67. R takes P

68. Q to B 2nd, mate

69. R takes P

70. Q to B 2nd, mate

71. R takes P

72. Q to B 2nd, mate

73. R takes P

74. Q to B 2nd, mate

75. R takes P

76. Q to B 2nd, mate

77. R takes P

78. Q to B 2nd, mate

79. R takes P

80. Q to B 2nd, mate

81. R takes P

82. Q to B 2nd, mate

83. R takes P

84. Q to B 2nd, mate

85. R takes P

86. Q to B 2nd, mate

87. R takes P

88. Q to B 2nd, mate

89. R takes P

90. Q to B 2nd, mate

91. R takes P

92. Q to B 2nd, mate

93. R takes P

94. Q to B 2nd, mate

95. R takes P

96. Q to B 2nd, mate

97. R takes P

98. Q to B 2nd, mate

99. R takes P

100. Q to B 2nd, mate

101. R takes P

102. Q to B 2nd, mate

103. R takes P

104. Q to B 2nd, mate

105. R takes P

106. Q to B 2nd, mate

107. R takes P

108. Q to B 2nd, mate

109. R takes P

110. Q to B 2nd, mate

111. R takes P

112. Q to B 2nd, mate

113. R takes P

114. Q to B 2nd, mate

115. R takes P

116. Q to B 2nd, mate

117. R takes P

118. Q to B 2nd, mate

119. R takes P

120. Q to B 2nd, mate

121. R takes P

122. Q to B 2nd, mate

123. R takes P

124. Q to B 2nd, mate

125. R takes P

126. Q to B 2nd, mate

127. R takes P

128. Q to B 2nd, mate

129. R takes P

130. Q to B 2nd, mate

131. R takes P

132. Q to B 2nd, mate

133. R takes P

134. Q to B 2nd, mate

135. R takes P

136. Q to B 2nd, mate

137. R takes P

138. Q to B 2nd, mate

139. R takes P

140. Q to B 2nd, mate

141. R takes P

142. Q to B 2nd, mate

143. R takes P

144. Q to B 2nd, mate

145. R takes P

146. Q to B 2nd, mate

147. R takes P

148. Q to B 2nd, mate

149. R takes P

150. Q to B 2nd, mate

151. R takes P

152. Q to B 2nd, mate

153. R takes P

154. Q to B 2nd, mate

155. R takes P

156. Q to B 2nd, mate

157. R takes P

158. Q to B 2nd, mate

159. R takes P

160. Q to B 2nd, mate

161. R takes P

162. Q to B 2nd, mate

163. R takes P

164. Q to B 2nd, mate

165. R takes P

166. Q to B 2nd, mate

167. R takes P

168. Q to B 2nd, mate

169. R takes P

170. Q to B 2nd, mate

171. R takes P

172. Q to B 2nd, mate

173. R takes P

174. Q to B 2nd, mate

175. R takes P

176. Q to B 2nd, mate

177. R takes P

178. Q to B 2nd, mate

179. R takes P

180. Q to B 2nd, mate

181. R takes P

182. Q to B 2nd, mate

183. R takes P

184. Q to B 2nd, mate

185. R takes P

186. Q to B 2nd, mate

187. R takes P

188. Q to B 2nd, mate

189. R takes P

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

"Don't never prophesy unless you know" is a Transatlantic dictum applicable to yaticinators generally and particularly to those prophets who could not bring themselves to see in the ever-widening popularity of cycling aught but the beginning of the end. Jeremiah in Throgmorton Street and Cassandra in the Press raised their voices in inharmonious concert—the one croaker vowing that there were "no dealings" in cycle shares, the other maintaining that another year would witness the end of the "mania." An industry which has progressed emphatically by leaps and bounds, as the cycle trade has done, and in which upwards of £17,000,000 was invested in limited liability companies alone up to June 1896, cannot, in the natural course of things, always be on the crest of the wave; and the wonder is that, all things considered, those engaged in the cycle manufacture and the innumerable cognate trades have not been more adversely affected from time to time than is admittedly the case.

Now, to mention capital in this connection is to remember that the cycle trade mainly owes its present prosperous condition to one man, and to one man only. It is just a year ago that people rubbed their eyes in amazement as they read in every paper they took up, from the potent "Thunderer" down to the *Little Piddington Gazette*, that a certain pneumatic tyre business, of which the world at large had scarcely heard, had been purchased by Mr. Hooley (also, at that time, an unfamiliar name) for £3,000,000, and that his intention was to "float" it for £5,000,000, the trivial two millions representing the purchaser's profit on the transaction. Sublimely audacious as some perhaps considered this *coup*, it was soon shown to be founded on absolutely business principles, the incontrovertible logic of figures proving that, although the company had been established only a little over six years, the annual profits had increased from £2660 in 1890 to £220,000 in 1895. Nor was this all; to the total of £599,740 earned between 1889-90 and Sept. 30, 1895 (to which date the accounts were made up), had to be added £185,228, profits derived in the six years from premiums on new issues, and also the sum of £215,985, the net profits for the six months and twenty-five days not figuring in the above record. These supplements brought the actual net profits up to £1,000,054. When Mr. Hooley made his memorable purchase the company was earning at the rate of more than £400,000 net profits a year; and since the reconstruction of the concern so little known in the spring of 1896 the profits have increased to a phenomenal extent. Mr. Hooley's system of finance may be described as that of throwing all his cards on the table, and nineteen times out of twenty it is seen that he holds a winning hand. He has the courage to tell the public exactly what he hopes to make out of his enterprises, and his cheery optimism has in every instance up to now proved itself to be "good for trade." In the case of the Dunlop Company more than one critic took exception to what, on the face of it, looked perilously like excessive capitalisation. Events have, however, shown that the critics were wrong and that Mr. Hooley was right, for the profits of that undertaking for the present year will, there is reason to believe, prove far larger than the most sanguine could have thought possible. The few figures quoted above will lessen the reader's surprise when he is told that the capital of the new cycle companies launched in the first nine months of 1896 exceeded the amount invested in the mines of Western Australia, and was more than seven times that put into "Kaffirs" in the same period!

Great was the impetus which Mr. Hooley's financial dexterity gave to the cycle industry. It had undergone considerable depression in 1894, but had revived in 1895, and only awaited the advent of a man of enterprise and genius who, discarding old in favour of new methods, should be able to convince the public of the potentialities of this comparatively new branch of British commerce. The hour had come, and with it, as usual, the man. In estimating the extent to which the cycle manufacture has been developed by Mr. Hooley, it is necessary to glance at the various stages in his career within the twelve months, for only by some such process can his efforts be rightly appreciated. The papers were still teeming with the Dunlop story in May, when it was announced that he had purchased the important business of Mr. George Singer, which had acquired an enviable celebrity. This was brought out with a share capital of £600,000, and two thousand 4½ per cent. mortgage debentures of £100 each; the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company (France); the Clément, Gladiator, and Humber Companies, and the Coventry Machinists' (the "Swift") Company followed in quick succession, with share capitals ranging from £300,000 to £900,000; while before the year had expired there had been registered the Hydraulic Joint Syndicate (£400,000), and Pedersen's Cycle Frame (£250,000). What the capital of the Hydraulic Joint Company will amount to when it is brought out (as it shortly will be) remains to be seen; it is hardly likely to be less than £2,000,000, and may possibly exceed that figure. The effect of this latter undertaking on the cycle manufacture bids fair to be enormous, if the statement may be credited that one well-known firm alone estimates that the adoption by it of Mr. Crowden's invention will result in a saving of between £50,000 and £60,000 a year. Mr. Pedersen has constructed a new form of machine which, to employ a now hackneyed phrase, is likely to "revolutionise" cycling, for it is of unparalleled and well-nigh incredible lightness, and boasts a hammock seat which will remove all hygienic objections to the hard saddle. American experts boldly predict an even greater vogue for the "Pedersen" in the United States than in Europe. It is, then, no mere *façon de parler* to

assert that Mr. Hooley has done more to develop this industry than any other individual. He has been the means of pouring millions of capital into the various sections of the trade, and (which is even more important) he is able to point to balance-sheets showing fat dividends as irrefutable proofs of his prescience and good judgment in selecting the right from the wrong. This outline of performances by no means exhausts Mr. Hooley's achievements, for, before bursting upon the world as the promoter of the reconstructed Dunlop concern, he had piloted the lever chain identified with the name of its talented inventor, Mr. W. S. Simpson, and had largely shared in the presentation to the public of a number of cycle companies, the renowned "Humbers" among them. A comprehensive idea of the undertakings with which he has been associated can only be obtained by reference to the cycle share list of Messrs. W. and F. Cuthbert, the Birmingham brokers, which daily reports the dealings in upwards of one hundred and thirty companies, in most of which it may be fairly said he has had either a hand or a deal.

It is not surprising to find that there are no authentic records of this mammoth industry—no nicely compiled pages of figures wherewith the Gradgrinds of the period may appease their mental appetite for facts. The £22,000,000 estimated to be invested in the manufacture up to September of last year may well have increased to £30,000,000, inasmuch as there is ample warrant for asserting that there has been an onward and upward move-



MR. T. J. LIPTON,

THE DONOR OF £25,000 TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S JUBILEE DINNER FUND.

From the Portrait in the Royal Academy by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

ment in the trade during the last six months, and that the output of 1897 is likely to be one-third greater than that of 1896. The progress of the industry can perhaps best be followed by consulting the columns of the *Cyclist*, and carefully noting its plethoric advertisement pages. "No one," says that journal, "can for a moment doubt that 1896 was by far the busiest year ever known in the cycle trade." It will probably astonish the reader to learn from this authentic source that the value of the cycles and cycle components exported from the United Kingdom last year amounted to £1,860,972, or nearly half a million in excess of 1895 and more than £660,000 above the exports of 1894. In October the shipments were greater than ever before in a single month—£178,664, more than double those of the same month in 1894; while in the October of 1892 the exports amounted to only £32,000. Last December an extraordinary result was obtained, the unprecedented total of exports rising to £212,111. This, then, is a portion of what the Hooley millions have been doing for the export trade. The cycle exports for the week ending April 9 amounted to £17,757, as against £7107 in April 1896. Flushing figures for £3221—not bad for one week; Melbourne, in the same period, £2822; Boulogne, £2410; Cape Town, £1070; Durban, £827; and so on all over the globe.

Until someone has been at the pains to visit each individual manufactory in the United Kingdom, anxious inquirers who would like to know the exact number of machines made annually must rest satisfied with the statement that it exceeded 800,000 sixteen months ago and now verges on a million. At Coventry, which still claims to be the chief seat of the trade, some 17,000 persons are said to

find employment. Inquiry at one of the largest factories there elicited the information that in the busy time between 500 and 800 was its weekly production; perhaps the average in this particular instance might be struck at 650. Doubtless there are several factories in the Midlands now producing 500 machines each a week, but probably very few are turning out more than 750 a week all the year round. That invaluable compendium, "The Cyclist Year-Book," publishes a directory to the cycle trade—admitting, however, that it is not absolutely complete—containing the names of 100 firms, many of which are makers of accessories only. That number is evidently considerably under the mark. At Coventry alone there are twenty-three manufactories capable of producing between 6000 and 7000 machines a week, and the other trade towns are Nottingham, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Beeston and Colwick (Notts), Redditch, Merton (Surrey), Long Eaton (Notts), Sheffield, Oldham, Bradford, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Despite the extraordinary output, which is now larger than ever before, makers cannot supply fast enough. There is no need to dwell upon the ramifications of what has now become a foremost national industry—one giving well-remunerated employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women, girls and boys, many of whom have found themselves shut out of other fields of labour by changes of fashion. As a rule, the wages are not merely good, but, as compared with other crafts, exceptionally high. The millions of capital which Mr. Hooley has introduced have therefore borne splendid fruit, and it must be conceded that, apart from his generous benefactions right and left, he has "done the State some service" in saving from pauperdom legions of toilers, who will have the best of reasons for gratefully remembering that "Hooley year" which so happily synchronises with the approaching Crown festivities. Mr. Hooley's example in cycle and kindred "flotations" has been infectious; for whereas in 1895 only eighty-five new companies were brought out, last year—the Hooley year *par excellence*—that number had risen to 392. For the same year the applications for patents in respect of cycles and cycle accessories amounted to 5600.

It counts for something to have been the direct means of developing what has now become one of the foremost industries of the United Kingdom, and to have ineffaceably impressed one's personality upon the national mind. It is given to few in the ranks of commerce to do this. The paths of business life are too narrow, too crowded to make it possible for more than one man in a million to carve out for himself a name which shall descend with honour to his children, and to those who come after them. Ere he has yet "come to forty year," Ernest Terah Hooley has "arrived"; he is the man of the day. If he has enriched himself, he has lavished much of his great wealth upon the poorest of his neighbours—those who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg. Not without reason have many dignities been conferred upon him. By acquiring thousands of broad acres he has done much to show that even the dark cloud which has so long hung over the land has its silver lining, and his magnificent gift of nearly half a million of money to the poor of his district, in commemoration of our beloved Sovereign's "Diamond Reign," cannot fail to secure him the respect of the nation in this bright year of Jubilee.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S JUBILEE DINNER FUND.

The public has not long been kept in doubt as to the possibility of subscriptions being forthcoming in sufficient strength for the realisation of the Princess of Wales's scheme for giving a dinner to the poorest of London's poor on Jubilee Day, for Mr. T. J. Lipton, the well-known tea-planter and provision merchant, has generously stepped into the breach with the magnificent donation of £25,000, which, with the sums already subscribed by the philanthropic, completes the total sum of £30,000 originally estimated to be necessary for the due fulfilment of the Princess's plan. After the reception of this splendid gift by the Lord Mayor, there was some doubt as to the name of the donor, but a public benefactor of such generosity could not expect to remain unknown even if he wished to do so, and Mr. Lipton's name was publicly announced by the Lord Mayor on Friday in last week at the Mansion House meeting convened for the administration of the fund. At that meeting, which was attended by the chairmen of the various district boards and vestries, the Lord Mayor also declared the wish of the Princess of Wales that the local committees should be left to their own discretion as to the class of people they might choose to include under the fund's hospitality, no hard and fast lines as to grades of poverty being drawn. Those who are interested in the scheme, or in philanthropic projects generally, will be interested to note that a further sum of £50 has been received from various contributors in sums ranging from £5 to £25 even since the completion of the fund by Mr. Lipton's splendid gift.

A report on evening schools for this year has been issued by the Education Department of the Privy Council. It comprises 4347 schools, with 298,724 scholars of both sexes, the Government grant to which is £128,894. They are gradually tending to become truly "continuation" schools for those who have left the elementary day schools; those from sixteen to twenty years of age being 35 per cent. of the whole number, and those above twenty-one nearly 12 per cent. After reading, writing, and arithmetic, the most popular and most useful subjects are geography, shorthand, book-keeping, mensuration, and needlework or dressmaking, and domestic economy for the girls. The Code for the ensuing session has been slightly amended.

Cycling

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the Record
Breakers
say . . .

They all
use
St. Jacobs
Oil.



S. B. MCGREGOR AND G. A. NELSON.

From a Photograph by EDGAR SCAMELL, 120, Crouch Hill, London, N.

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MAGIC.

USED for
FIFTY
YEARS.

Messrs. S. B. McGregor and G. A. Nelson

(Holders of the One Hour World's Record

Tandem for all types of cycles) write :

"Now that we have used your famous St. Jacobs Oil every day for the past ten months we are pleased to testify to its 'super-excellence' over all other embrocations. The first time we used your Oil was when we made an attempt at tandem records; neither of us before had made such fast time, and the mile record fell by $1\frac{2}{5}$ second. We attribute our success greatly to the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and since that day have sworn to use no other. After this we were trained for the much-coveted One Hour Record, when we not only beat Tandem Record by 1,550 yards, but . . .

World's Record for all types of cycles,

doing 31 miles 610 yards, the greatest distance ever ridden inside 60 minutes. We were not troubled during the ride (as is usually the case) with 'leg muscles' nor after, with aches and pains, or stiffness and soreness; this of course is exactly what you claim for your Oil, and we bear testimony to its efficacy. We shall continue to use St. Jacobs Oil, as we are confident it increases speed without aches and pains. It should be used by every cyclist, and we shall strongly recommend it to all our friends."

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It Conquers Pain

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (proprietors of
Vogeler's Curative Compound), sole proprietors,
London and Paris.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have just seen a last year's blue serge brought up to date in a manner exceedingly inexpensive and effective; maybe the details will be of use to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* who possess blue serges—and which of them does not? This special example of a most worthy gown had once a braided reefer coat, single-breasted in the front, and it has now been converted into an Eton jacket, the



A MUSLIN COSTUME.

collar, which was braided, has been covered with foulard in bright green and white check, closely set into folds, and edged with a very tiny kilted frill. Round the waist is a dragged belt of the green and white foulard, and the small vest which shows at the top of the coat is covered with pleated tulle tied into a large bow at the neck. The costume is crowned with a tuscan hat of a low treader sort of shape with a bandeau beneath covered with a couple of bright green rosettes, the brim of the hat being draped with a scarf of white tulle fastened at one side with green rosettes, these rosettes being made of glacé ribbon: result, excellent! And how difficult it is to arrive at an excellent result when we want to practise economy! A last year's dress has such an unpleasant habit of revealing the date of its birth, for however advanced we thought we were, the cut of yester-year will invariably out. And after all, although this dress I speak of looked admirable, we who know are quite aware that the latest model in blue serge gowns is made with a double-breasted bodice overhanging back and front a very narrow belt, and supplied with a basque guileless of fullness. And writing the word belt reminds me that there are many novelties in these to be seen, the most elaborate of belts being made of oxidised silver links joined with small miniatures, set in diamond frames. Other effective belts are of pale coloured leathers clasped with oxidised silver, studded with enamel. Then, again, there are belts of turquoise and silver, and there are belts of silver and crystal, while the latest novelty shows small green tortois joined with oxidised silver links. One of these worn on a blue serge is the very last cry of Fashion. It is a cry, however, to which we cannot respond under a price of three guineas for the belt.

A pretty frock is worn by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the first act of the new play, "Belle Belair," at the Avenue Theatre. It is made of pale pink piqué; this has a bodice, with a large collar round the shoulders, disappearing into the waist, of white piqué, hemmed with a black and white stripe and a border of yellow guipure. The vest to this consists of a huge pink tulle bow, while the hem of the skirt and the basque is decked with strappings of the piqué. And the hat which crowns the costume is quite lovely, one soft mass of white tulle, turned up on one side, and boasting as decoration a big diamond buckle and a couple of black feathers. Her evening gown is charming, the entire skirt of white net covered with a tracery of silver sequins and coral, the low bodice showing roses of two or three shades of coral, while round the waist is a sash of pale pink tulle. Talking of sashes reminds me of the one of white muslin with lace insertion which she wears in the last act on a dress of cornflower blue spotted muslin, with a large collar of Irish lace round the shoulders. In the belt of this is tucked a bunch of cherries, and the hat is of white straw in the mushroom shape trimmed with cornflowers and cherries.

The evening gown worn by Miss Fitzroy in the same play is made of bright yellow satin traced with flowers

worked in gold, cut off the shoulders, with one short sleeve of the plain yellow satin and the other decked with a large pink rose.

Very daring is another gown worn by Miss Fitzroy of white cloth—or is it alpaca?—with perfectly tight sleeves. This has a bodice fastening down one side, with belt and collar-band of plaid ribbon. And her gown in the last act is of red and white checked crowned with a hat of red, showing rosettes of three shades of red and a flight of pink wings at one side.

And now let me describe those dresses illustrated. The one is of linen in buff tint, with the skirt trimmed with two insertions of éru embroidery; the bolero and sleeves are of this embroidery, while the kilted ends and short puffs on the sleeves are of mauve glacé silk, the same forming the draped belt round the waist. The other frock is of one of the new muslins in dark blue and white, the skirt trimmed with three frills of white lawn, the white lawn collar elaborately frilled and bordered with embroidery setting round the shoulders in bib fashion, while emerald green glacé forms the collar-band and belt.

A charming correspondent writes me from South Wales without giving me a pseudonym; I hope she will realise that I am trying to help her when I suggest that the white muslin would look charming with a draped belt of blue glacé, the skirt should be trimmed on the hem with little frills edged with Valenciennes lace, the bodice and sleeves should be tucked, the former to overhang the blue belt; little frills of lace should peep out round the blue collar-band at the neck, and the hat should be black, as she suggests, made of chip, with a huge black ostrich feather down one side, the other to be turned up with a bunch of pink roses resting on the hair. The white silk ball-gown should have the sleeves removed altogether, and replaced by two little frills of kilted chiffon, the bodice to be outlined with a drapery of lace of the very best quality she can get, fastened at one side with a large bunch of flowers.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The division on the question of whether the women who are allowed to take honours in the degree examinations at Cambridge shall be permitted to use the name that would indicate this fact to the world at large, was taken on May 21 in the midst of extraordinarily violent demonstrations against the proposal on the part of the male students. The Masters of Arts who came up to vote were pelted with flour, crackers, peas, and even rotten eggs. Hideous effigies of the lady students were displayed; one, which represented, not a student of any sort, but a cyclist in spectacles and "rationals," was taken down after the poll was declared, the image was decapitated, and the remains were carried by a mob of undergraduates to Newnham, where they clustered round the closed iron gates and howled and cheered, the ladies within taking no notice. This peurile and disgusting exhibition was followed up by the lighting of bonfires, and the word "Saved" in gigantic illuminated letters was displayed outside one of the colleges. That such a demonstration should have been desired by the lads and permitted by their masters is significant. The figures were—against the use of the titles of degrees by the women who have won them, 1713; in favour, 662—a majority of 1051.

A novel society has been formed, with Lady Gwendolen Cecil at its head, for the purpose of trying to find some substitute for bazaars as a means of raising money for charities. Lady Gwendolen Cecil recalls the familiar objections to bazaars—that a great deal of money is wasted upon expenses; that struggling professional people are unjustly compelled to give their services as entertainers, and that tradesmen are obliged unwillingly to contribute goods; and that all this is so objectionable that the ladies of her association, who belong to the class of those who are constantly being asked to sell or to provide stalls at bazaars, have decided to try the experiment instead of writing personal letters to their friends asking for subscriptions for the charities in which they are individually interested. This season there will not be many charity bazaars, owing to the demands of Jubilee funds; but next season they would begin again in all their glory, and hence this has appeared to remonstrants a favourable year for organising their forces. Though there is great truth in what Lady Gwendolen Cecil observes, yet there is certainly much to be said on the other side. People go to bazaars for a few hours' entertainment for themselves, as well as to help a charity, and if the bazaar is a properly managed one, and the stalls are well stocked, and the people serving at them are ladies and behaving as such, it is a very amusing way of spending a few hours; and surely there can be no objection to people who are willing to give something, having a little amusement for themselves in the course of the proceedings. But what Lady Gwendolen's association appears to overlook is the fact that a very large proportion of the people who buy are utter strangers to the stall-holders, and cannot be reached by personal letters from the members of her committee.

Nor is it always the case that the expenses of a bazaar are disproportionate to the proceeds. The recent sale for the Irish Industries Association at Lord Cadogan's house produced total receipts of £1856, while the entire expenses were only £154. Nearly the whole of the large sum named will go to the Irish cottagers whose work was sold upon that occasion. Irish lace-makers and embroiderers, by the way, will be seen at work in London, both at the Crystal Palace Victorian Exhibition and at the rival Exhibition at Earl's Court this summer.

Mr. Easterbrook, the Head Master of Dame Alice Owen's Schools, asks me to mention that the statue of the foundress which is now on view in the Academy is to be paid for by subscriptions from the present and past scholars, aided by the masters, and by the Brewers' Company, who are the governors of the school at present. The original monument of Lady Owen was in old

Islington Church, and when that was pulled down in 1761 the figure of the good dame was too dilapidated to be removed, but the smaller figures of eleven of her descendants around the tomb were removed to the school, and will now be placed in a niche above the image of the dame herself. She was, it seems, thrice married, Sir Thomas Owen being the last husband. The inscription on the ancient tomb is to be copied on the pedestal of the new statue; it is delightfully quaint, concluding thus: "She having lived religiously to God sufficient for nature, but not for her children and friends, her just soul is in the hands of the Almighty."

A Cookery Exhibition has been held in London, and a great number of interesting trade exhibits were on show. The Liebig Company's Extract had, as usual, a very attractive stall, upon which the famous extract was charmingly disposed, and the newer preparation of beef, especially prepared and partially digested for invalids and persons whose digestions are not strong (called "Peptanis"), was also to be seen. A very novel and interesting feature of the Liebig Company's display was a series of large and extremely handsome "Jubilee" menu cards, which they are prepared to give away to hotel-keepers or private customers making application to 9, Fenchurch Avenue. The cards have no trace on the front of them of the announcements of the excellence of Liebig's Extract. This is reserved for the back, where the virtues of Liebig Company's Extract as a flavouring for stocks and sauces and soups, as well as for ordinary beef tea, in health or sickness, are pointed out. On the front the cards bear, besides space for writing the menu, charming portraits of the royal ladies of Europe—a different one on each card—done in colours. The picture of our own Queen is one of the best portraits that I have ever seen, the stately carriage of her head and figure being exceptionally well given.

Another excellent show was made by Bird's Custard Powder. Not only was Bird's custard powder displayed as custard, rich and creamlike, but also in a variety of tasteful dishes that one could hardly have thought it possible to produce, but all of great value to those ladies who are at all ambitious of adding high-class dishes to their menus. There were blancs-manges of attractive and delicate appearance, and cakes and pastry, all made from Bird's blanc-mange powder, Bird's concentrated egg powder, etc. Besides these, there was on show the sole remaining box of Bird's custard powder out of a five years' supply taken out by Dr. Nansen in the *Fram*—all the rest having been consumed, with infinite satisfaction by the crew, in no more than three years. This is a most pleasing memento to the firm. Then there were the original oil-paintings of the chief advertisements of Bird's custard powder, of great



A DAINTY DRESS.

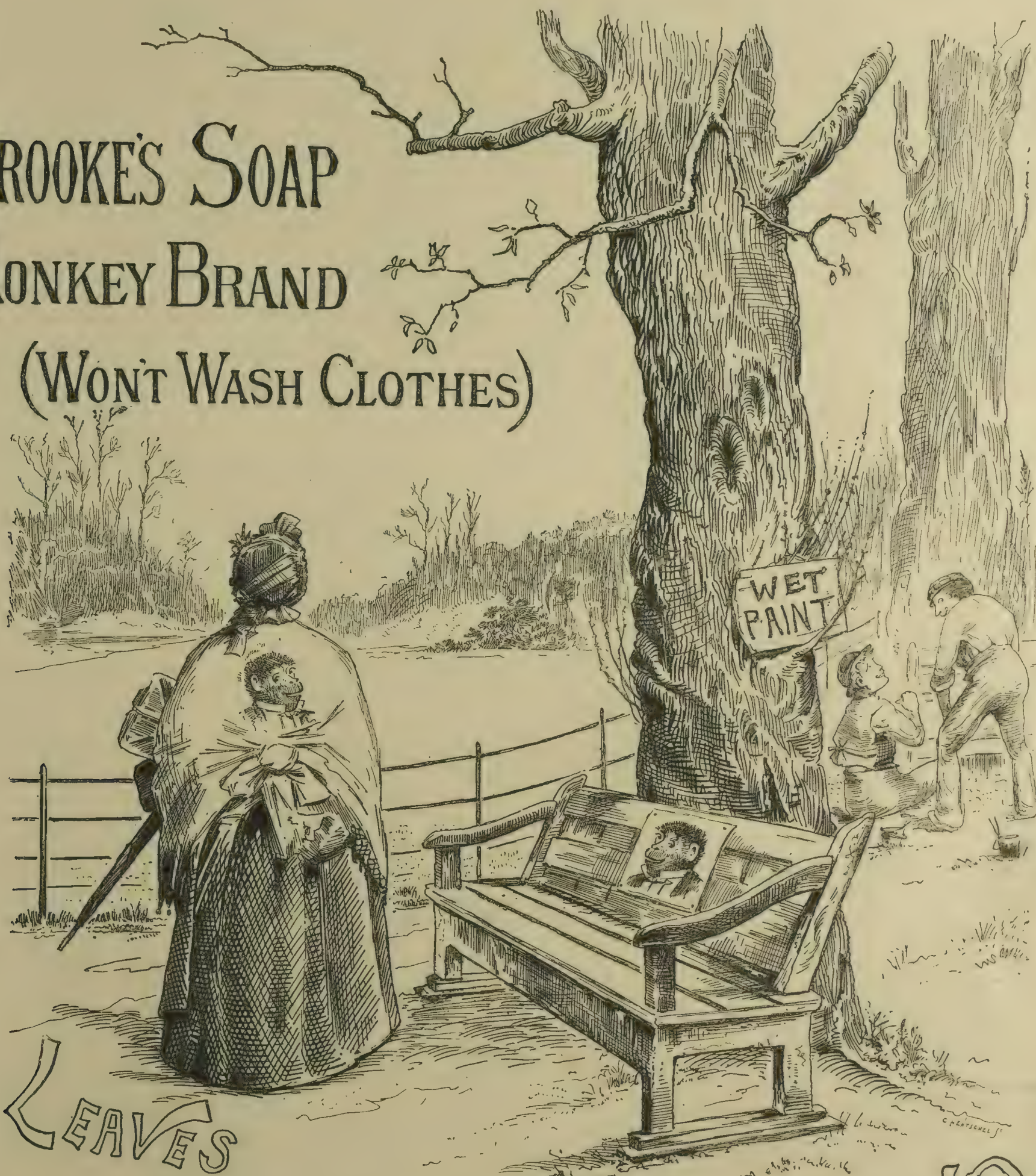
artistic merit, to give the public an idea of the expense incurred in the production of popular and successful advertisements.

Messrs. Hanna and Co., of 4, Bedford Street, Belfast, are prepared to send a large parcel of samples of their linens to any intending purchaser, with full description and prices. The designs are various, many of them beautiful, and the prices are moderate, commencing, indeed, as low as 3s. 2d. for a tablecloth two yards square, and running up to the highest class goods. All sorts of linen for the household, from the finest dinner tablecloths to the roughest kitchen towels, are included amid the samples, as well as cambric handkerchiefs, French prints and ladies' shirtings. This firm also supply Irish silk poplins, which are noted for their good wearing and draping qualities. F. F.-M.

BROOKE'S SOAP

MONKEY BRAND

(WON'T WASH CLOTHES)



LEAVES
A GOOD IMPRESSION
BEHIND

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1894) of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Ebenezer Kay, of 37, Hyde Park Gardens, London, and Thorpe Abbots, Norfolk, late one of her Majesty's Lords Justices of Appeal, who died on March 16, has been proved by his nephew, the Right Hon. Sir Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth, M.P., Cecil Henry Russell, and Frederick Keppel North, the executors named in the will, to each of whom he bequeaths £200 free of duty, the personal estate being valued at £206,990 7s. 1d. gross and £203,404 13s. 9d. net. The testator bequeaths a legacy of £1000 to his clerk, George Victor Wood, and numerous legacies to his bailiff, coachman, and other persons in his employ, all free of duty. He gives to his two daughters, in equal shares, £1000, and all his household effects, horses, carriages, etc. The testator devises, and bequeaths his real and personal estate on the usual trusts for conversion and sale, but with his daughters' consent and with power to retain existing investments. He directs that his residuary real and personal estate shall be held, in trust, for his two daughters for life, in equal shares, with remainder over to their children as they shall appoint. Subject thereto his surviving daughter is to have the power of appointment over the whole of his residuary real and personal estate. The testator expresses the hope that his executors will employ Mr. James Richard Upton in the administration of his estate.

The will (dated June 12, 1896) of Lieutenant-Colonel George Denham-Cookes, of 6, Princes Gate, S.W., who died on April 4, was proved on May 10 by the Hon. Clara Agnes Denham-Cookes, the widow, Captain the Hon. John Roderick Brownlow, and John Arthur Lovett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £147,770. The testator gives his household furniture, jewels, carriages and horses, and for life the use of his plate, his freehold house, 6, Princes Gate, or any other house she may select to the value of £10,000, and such a sum as with the dividends and interest of the funds of their marriage settlement will make up £4000 per annum, to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Evelyn Clara Denham Denham-Cookes, but this sum is to include any interest she may take under his marriage settlement; £200 per annum to his brother the Rev. Thomas Horace Cookes, and £50 per annum to his late coachman, Thomas Hardwick. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Arthur Brownlow Denham-Cookes.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1896) of Mr. James Wales, J.P., of "Buckstone," Rawdon, Yorkshire, who died on March 1, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Amelia Wales, the widow, Henry Tison Hillick, and James Garnett, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £50,953. The testator gives £200, his household furniture, the use of his house and premises "Buckstone," and an annuity of £600 to his wife; £100, and an annuity of £350 to his sister Jane Wales, to be increased to £450 in the event of her surviving his wife; £100, and an annuity of £200 to his sister Elizabeth Fenwick, to be increased to £300 if she shall survive his wife; £100 each

to his nephews and nieces, John Fenwick, Andrew Wales Fenwick, Mary Helen Fenwick, Mary Heron Wales, and Johnina Wales; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to £5000 as his sister Jane Wales shall appoint, and the ultimate residue to his said five nephews and nieces in equal shares.

The will (dated April 26, 1890), with a codicil (dated Sept. 14, 1896), of Mr. George Bridge Hilliard, of Chelmsford, Essex, who died on March 29, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Fanny Isabella Hilliard, the widow, and George Edward Hilliard and Eustace Hilliard, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £37,187. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture to his wife; £500 to his daughter Margaret Bridge Hilliard; and legacies to clerks. He gives his share and interest in the partnership business of G. B. Hilliard and Son, auctioneers and land agents, to his son George Edward Hilliard. All the remainder of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 13, 1894), with a codicil (dated Nov. 17, 1896), of Mr. Wynne Howard Edwards, J.P., of Knowle Hurst, Lichfield, who died on Jan. 18 at St. Leonards, was proved on May 8 by Frederick Charles Stokes, the brother-in-law and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £21,713. The testator gives £5000, part of his share under the will of his father, to his nieces, Margaret Dovey Ashby, Dodd, and Georgina Ashby Dodd, and the remainder of such interest, upon trust, for Frederick Charles Stokes for life, and then to his daughter, Mary Alice Elinor Stokes. He bequeaths all his interest under the marriage settlement of his father and mother, subject to the life interest of his mother, to the said Frederick Charles Stokes during his life, and then to his daughter, Mary A. E. Stokes. The residue of his property he leaves to Frederick Charles Stokes absolutely.

The will of Mr. John Henry Krabbé, of Heath View, Knutsford, Chester, who died on July 28 last, has been proved at the Chester District Registry by Oliver Ashworth, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £10,663.

The will (dated July 31, 1896) of Mr. Edward Gotto, J.P., of The Logs, Hampstead, and 8, Albany Road, St. Leonards, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on May 10 by Mrs. Sarah Anne Gotto, the widow, Thomas Henry Atherden, and Frederic Northcote Chapple, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £20,305. The testator gives his furniture and household effects to his wife; £12 per month to his son until he shall become a Captain or the distribution of his residuary estate; £200 to Thomas Henry Atherden; £10 10s. per annum to Frederic Northcote Chapple during such time as he shall be an executor; and specific gifts of jewellery to members of his family. He devises the advowson of the Rectory of Bridford, Devon, to his grandson, Edward Thornton Gotto, when he shall attain twenty-five, and by then have joined the ministry of the Church of England. The residue of

his real and personal estate, including his property in Brazil, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares. Sums amounting to £14,000, advanced to his children, are to be taken in account of their respective shares.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1897) of Mr. Henry Markby, of 155, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, of the firm of Messrs. Markby, Stewart, and Co., solicitors, of 57, Coleman Street, President of the Incorporated Law Society 1887-88, who died on April 16, was proved on May 12 by Thomas Markby and Walter Markby, the sons, and Sir William Markby, K.C.I.B., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,655. The testator confirms his marriage settlement and the two indentures endorsed thereon, and appoints one seventh of the funds thereof each to his children Sophia Markby, Katherine Markby, and Walter Markby, he having in his lifetime settled the remaining four sevenths on his children Mrs. Mary Creasy, Mrs. Fanny Wilson, Mrs. Georgina Baldock, and Thomas Markby, on their respective marriages. He bequeaths £2000 each, upon trust, for his daughters; £2000 to his son Walter Markby; and there are specific gifts of pictures and furniture to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Thomas Markby. All legacy and succession duties are to be paid out of his residuary estate.

The will of Mr. William Davys Duncan-Wilson, of 9, Sumner Place, South Kensington, and Carrickfergus, Antrim, Ireland, who died on March 30, was proved on May 15 by Mrs. Margaret Duncan-Wilson, the widow, Charles Arthur Wellesley Stewart, and George Fleming, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6427.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. George David Pollock, Surgeon in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of 35, Chester Square, and Earlywood, near Bagshot, the last surviving son of the late Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on May 6 by Hugh Pollock, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3078 16s.

Several of the most important May meetings have been held this year at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, instead of at Exeter Hall. The Queen's Hall is becoming more and more popular as a gathering place for the religious communities. It is cheerful, conveniently placed at the top of Regent Street, and, above all, it has an excellent and pleasant-toned organ. Even the Presbyterians, who have held their annual missionary meetings at Exeter Hall for many years, migrated this year to Langham Place.

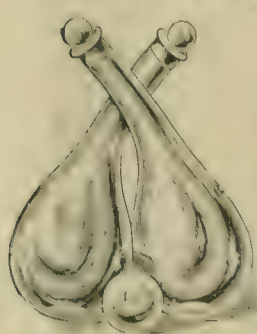
At the Universal Food and Cookery Exhibition held at Niagara Hall, London, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Princess Louise, and other distinguished ladies and noblemen, and which closed on Wednesday, May 19, the Prix d'Honneur was awarded to Van Houten's Cocoa, for purity, strength, flavour, and digestibility—in addition to true economy in use.

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Silver-Mounted "Twin" Oil and Vinegar Bottles, with Silver-Mounted Corks. In three sizes, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s.



Cut Crystal Scent-Bottle, with Richly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Mount, £3 15s.



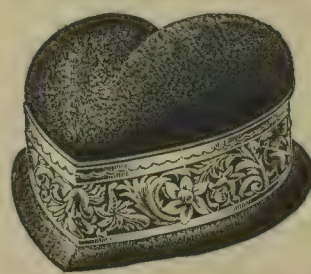
Fine Cut Crystal Glass Claret-Jug, with Solid Silver Mount and Handle, £3 5s. Best Electro Plate, £1 7s. 6d.



Massive Pierced and Chased Clasp, £1 5s. Illustration about half-size.

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Solid Silver Exquisitely Pierced Bonbon Dish, 6in., £1 12s. 6d.; 6½in., £1 17s. 6d.



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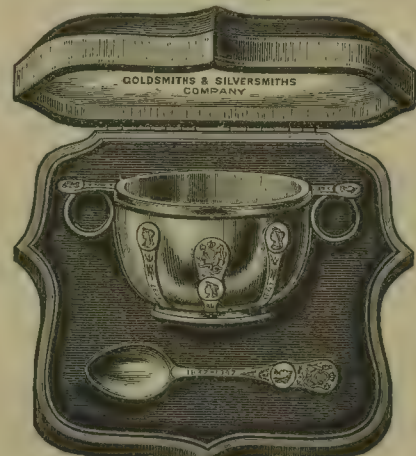
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Four Solid Silver Fruit-Spoons, heavily Gilt, Richly Embossed with the Queen's Head in Medallion and the dates "1837-1897," in best Morocco Case, £7 10s. Two Spoons only, in best Morocco Case, £3 17s. 6d.



Registered Design.—The New "Franklin" Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Set: Tea-Pot, £5 10s.; Coffee-Pot, £3 17s. 6d.; Sugar-Basin, £2 10s.; Cream-Ewer, £1 12s. 6d.; Complete, £15 10s. Solid Silver Kettle and Stand, £12 10s.



Child's Solid Silver Bowl and Spoon, richly Embossed with the Queen's Head in Medallion, and the dates "1837-1897," in best Morocco Case, £6 10s.

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ART NOTES.

Animal-painters, especially such as are catholic in their sympathies, are rare among us. We have had appreciators of fox-terriers, of bloodhounds, and of collies; but Miss Maud Earl is one of the few modern dog-painters who is fair alike to all sorts and conditions of dogs. The collection of her "Canine Celebrities" of the day at Messrs. Graves's Galleries (Pall Mall), apart from its variety, is full of excellent work, and she seems not only able to paint dogs of various breeds, but thoroughly to enter into their feelings. Scotch terriers, Schipperkes, basset-hounds, Siberian sledge-dogs, and even "Dimboola," the champion bull-dog, have had their portraits taken by this skilful lady. The Queen, whose love for dogs is well known, has not only largely availed herself of Miss Earl's talents, but has subjected them to an ordeal, from which the artist emerges unscathed, by lending to the exhibition some dog portraits painted for her Majesty by the late Sir Edwin Landseer.

Some time back reference was made in these columns to a course of demonstration lectures on practical wood-carving which were being given at the School of Art of the Central Technical College at South Kensington. Mr. Grimwood's lectures were well followed by both professional and amateur wood-carvers. Under the same auspices Mr. Grimwood now proposes to address himself to a large body of learners—those to whom Gothic details are

an especial attraction for all sorts of ornamental work. Gothic finials, poppyheads, and ever-varying bosses will furnish the staple of his course of lectures, and he proposes, as on the former occasion, to show his audience by practical hand-work, executed before their eyes, how each of these forms of ornament is evolved from the block of wood.

Some French newspapers have discovered an English artist whose claims to honour have not yet been recognised by his own countrymen. Mr. John Charles Hawkes is, it appears, a landscape-painter of more than usually imaginative power, and he has no need of the photographic camera to aid him, as is the case with many of his better-known brother artists. Like many others, however, Mr. Hawkes paints scenes which none besides himself has ever gazed upon; but in one respect his work differs from theirs: the scene which he paints to-day with vivid exactitude is realised in every detail some days or weeks later. At one moment it is a city devastated by plague, at another a ship cast upon the rocks and the passengers and crew exposed to the most terrible dangers; or it is a well-known spot which is the scene of an appalling conflagration; and sometimes, but more rarely, peaceful incidents in the lives of cities and peoples. Mr. Hawkes explains that he paints these things because he sees them actually presented to his eyes. He has no idea how or why these coming events visualise themselves, but they do so,

and so clearly that he is able to transfer what he sees to canvas. Telepathic painting has a vast or vague future.

It is very difficult to determine accurately M. Jan Van Beers's place among modern painters. By some he is esteemed as a great artist—notably by M. Rochefort, of whom he has made a splendid portrait; but by others he is classed as a mere charlatan, who has acquired a certain technical skill. The collection of his paintings at the Fine Art Society seems especially intended to challenge a more decisive verdict than has ever yet been pronounced upon the work of this artist. There are here brought together nearly three score of his most finished pictures, almost always single figures—sometimes portraits, sometimes fancies, with a dividing line so slender that it is often difficult to trace. We may promptly say that M. Van Beers is not imaginative, and his attempts to portray abstract ideas are generally failures. But when he is dealing with men and women of the *monde* and *demi-monde* he has a very happy knack of catching their foibles and their features. His work is of the strong, highly coloured style of the Antwerp school of five-and-twenty years back, when correct drawing and full colouring were regarded as indispensable.

The exhibition of Dramatic and Musical Art arranged at the Grafton Galleries cannot fail to have a literary and even an historical interest; but this might have been enhanced

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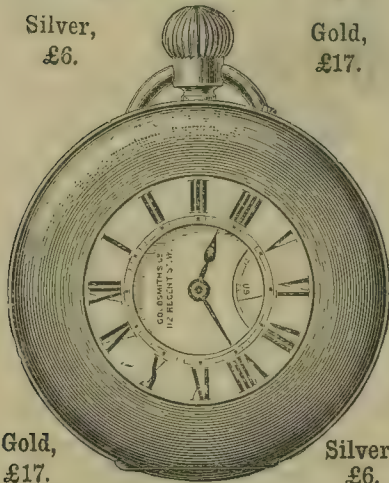
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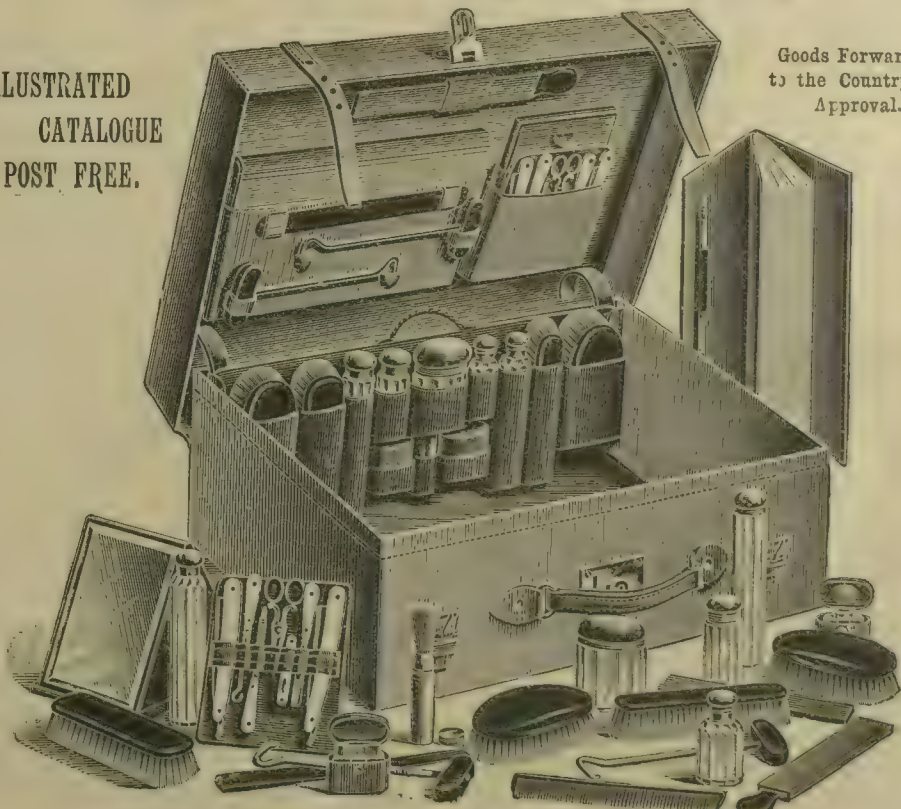
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EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station (L. B. & S. C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Town will be available for return from the Epsom Town Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small Bills, to be had at the stations and at the Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and 6, Arthur Street East, which Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 31 to June 3; also at Hays' Office, Old Bond Street, and Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where tickets may also be obtained.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on June 4, 5, and 6, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including June 9, as per Special Bills. Special cheap 3s. 6d., 4s., or 5s. Return Tickets are issued every Saturday from London to Brighton, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Midhurst, Hayling Island, Havant, and Portsmouth, as per Special Bills.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE. — SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION, SATURDAY, JUNE 5. Leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m. (First and Second Class only).
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TO CAEN, via Newhaven and Ouistreham, from London Bridge and Victoria, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, June 2, 4, and 5. As per Bill.
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TO BRIGHTON.—Every Sunday First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.
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TO PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning the following Tuesday by certain Trains only.
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FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets see Programme and Handbills.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Whitsuntide Programme and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: Brighton Company's Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and 6, Arthur Street East, which Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 2 to 5; and Hays' Offices, 28, Old Bond Street and Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

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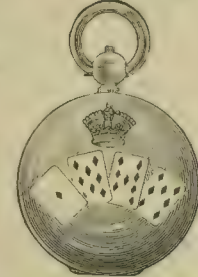
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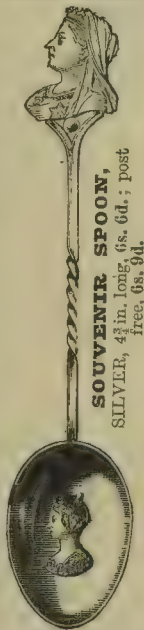
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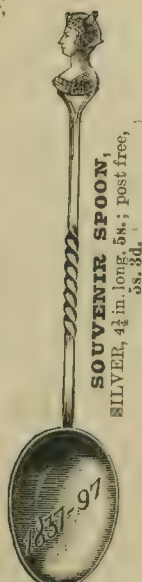
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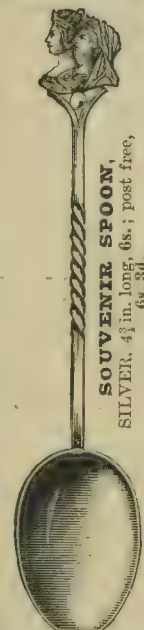
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PARLIAMENT.

The Government have foreshadowed a new Irish policy, which aims partly at pacifying the landlords, who are again very restive under the judgments of the Land Courts, and partly at establishing a new system of Irish Local Government. Mr. Balfour admits that the scheme of 1892 was unfortunate, and he shows that he and his colleagues have a much surer grip of the problem now. The Irish members have lately been asking for the extension of the Agricultural Rating Act to Ireland. It would appear that the new plan the Government have in view will go far to extend the benefits of that legislation to the Irish landlords, though in a different way. They are to be relieved from considerable local burdens, and at the same time the tenants are to

have financial boons. It is impossible to judge the whole policy without the details, but it is favoured by Unionists and Nationalists alike, though the Nationalists are careful to affirm that it will not be regarded by them as a substitute for Home Rule. The times are certainly ripe for conciliatory measures in Ireland, where a durable tranquillity seems to be established at last. The Workmen's Compensation Bill is being elaborately discussed in Committee. An instruction moved by Mr. Tennant for the purpose of extending the Bill to "dangerous trades" was rejected. Mr. Tennant argued that workers in white-lead factories ought to be compensated for injury to health. Mr. Chamberlain replied that logically the same argument would justify compensation to the agricultural labourer for rheumatism. An amendment moved by Mr. Seton-Karr, disqualifying for compensation

workmen who had caused accidents by wilful neglect, excited much difference of opinion. Mr. Chamberlain, whose activity in the debates sufficiently indicates the moving spirit of the Bill, has successfully resisted all attempts to enlarge its scope, while admitting that trades not included in the Bill, like the shipbuilding trade, well deserve the attention of the Legislature. The truth is that the present measure makes so remarkable a revolution that it will need the most skilful piloting to pass it into law.

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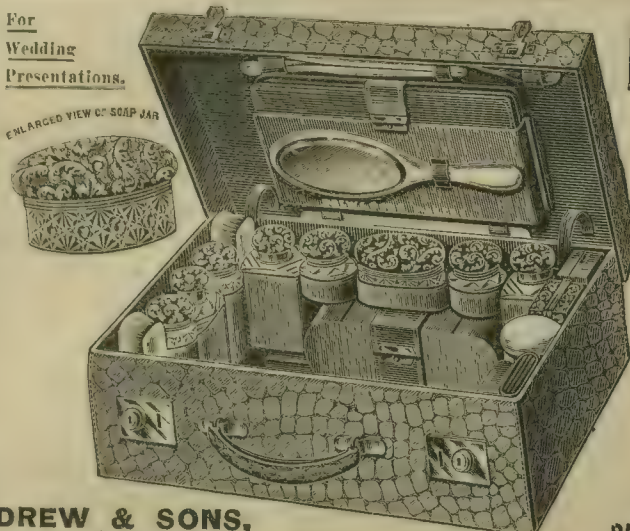
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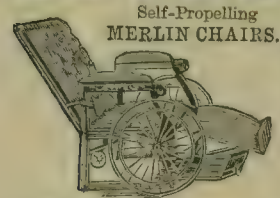
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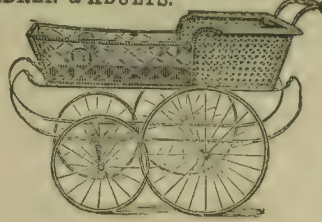


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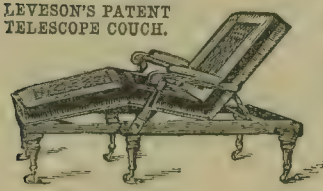


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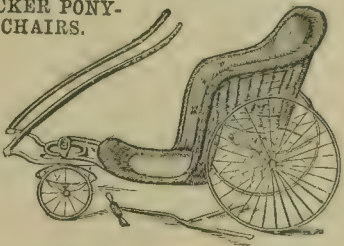


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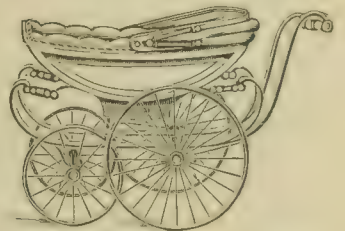
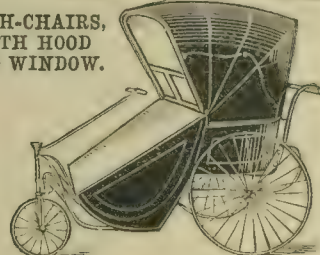
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A COURT OF HONOUR," AT THE ROYALTY.

"A Court of Honour," at the Royalty, described by its authors, Mr. John Lart and Mr. Charles Dickinson, as "a new play of modern life," is so streaked with early Victorian rhetoric—to keep the theatre in line with this season of retrospect—that it is distinctly old-fashioned. The play is based on a purely fictitious issue, for in the first act a woman (Miss Calhoun) is allowed to marry a rake (Mr. Abingdon) because another man (Mr. Fred Terry), who had married her on the supposed death of his first wife, fails to tell her that her child had lived. If he had done so there would have been no play. As it is, three of the acts—full of earnest endeavour, it is true—follow, ending by a shock of paralysis overtaking the rake, and

the woman taking charge of her child; while its father leaves with his regiment for India. Miss Calhoun acted, as she can well do, with great power. Mr. Terry and Mr. Abingdon were only fair, while the sixteen other people who help to make the four acts possible did their best, notably Mr. Charles Fulton, Miss Boucicault, and Mr. E. H. Kelly.

MR. WILSON BARRETT AS OTHELLO, AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Barrett's Othello is distinctly disappointing. Like all measured language, it brings out his worst characteristics in elocution—that extraordinary staccato style which insists on wrong accentuation and consequently on chaotic sense. Miss Jeffries is a slight Desdemona, and Mr. Franklin M'Leay a somewhat commonplace Iago. The play, which was produced on Saturday, is well staged.

Meantime, "The Manxman" has again been revived. Mr. Barrett's Pete is a thing that should not be missed on any account.

By the Queen's command the Temple Yacht Club is henceforth to be known as the "Royal Temple Yacht Club." The club was founded in 1857, and just a year ago Lord Charles Beresford opened its new club-house at Ramsgate. The number of members on the roll of the club at that time was not more than 200, but now there are over 600 members, and no less than 150 yachts on the register of the club, with a total tonnage of over 5000. The headquarters of the club in London are at the Hôtel Cecil. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is the commodore; Mr. John H. Gretton, vice-commodore; and Sir H. Seymour King, M.P., rear-commodore.

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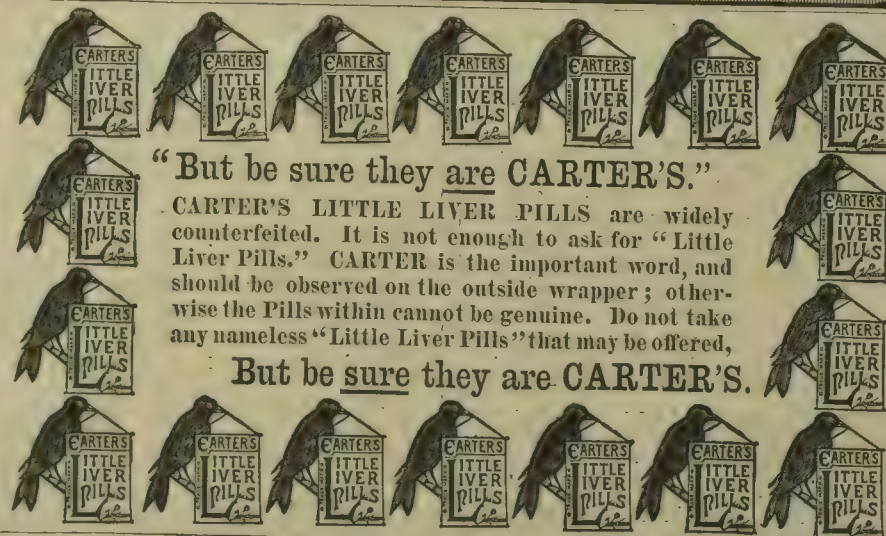
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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD



HER MAJESTY OPENING THE ENTRANCE-GATES OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG].
After the Queen's replies to the various addresses presented to her Majesty had been handed to the several authorities, Mr. Langley, M.P., Chairman of the Improvement Committee, brought to the royal carriage a detached lock connected by electricity with the gates of the main entrance to the new Town Hall. Her Majesty inserted in this lock a golden key handed to her for the purpose, and on the turning of the key the great gates swung back upon their hinges, the Queen declared the new building open, and a flourish of trumpets announced the accomplishment of the ceremony.



THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD: THE ROYAL CARRIAGE PASSING FROM THE STATION TO THE NEW TOWN HALL.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Preceded by a number of carriages containing the various officials of the day's ceremonial and the royal suite, the Queen's carriage passed through the gaily decorated streets amid the deafening acclamations of a vast throng of spectators. Immediately in front of the royal carriage, which was drawn by four splendid bays, and accompanied by outriders, rode an escort of the 2nd Life Guards, and behind the carriage came Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, the Queen's Equerries, and Major-General Chynne, as General Officer in command of the district, followed by another detachment of the 2nd Life Guards and the Sheffield Squadron of the Yorkshire Dragoons Yeomanry Cavalry. The Queen, who was accompanied in the royal carriage by Princess Christian and the Duke of Connaught, repeatedly bowed her acknowledgments to the loyal thousands who rent the air with their cheers as her Majesty passed through their midst.



THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD: HER MAJESTY WITNESSING THE ROLLING OF AN ARMOUR-PLATE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

Before leaving Sheffield the Queen paid a visit to the Cyclops Steel and Iron Works of the Cammell Company, in order to inspect one of the sources of her Navy's strength by witnessing the rolling of an armour-plate destined for the new war-ship "Ocean," now in course of construction. The whole process of rolling a great armour-plate was carried out before her Majesty, the royal carriage having been drawn up so near to the mighty furnace that the royal spectators were compelled to hold glass screens before their faces to protect them from the heat. A mass of metal weighing no less than thirty-five tons was extricated at white heat from the furnace by means of huge grappling-irons and dragged to the roller machines, through which it was then passed again and again until a duly proportioned plate was evolved out of the shapeless mass. No fewer than eighty men were employed in the operation, the various stages of which were explained to the royal party by Mr. Alexander Wilson, the chairman of the Cammell Company.



THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD: HER MAJESTY OPENING THE ENTRANCE-GATES OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

From a photograph by Messrs. Rolin, Crook Lane, E.C.

The gates are here shown as they swung open at the action of the electrical apparatus set in motion by her Majesty when she turned the golden key in the lock presented to her in the royal carriage. The scene at the moment when the Queen performed the ceremony of opening the entrance-gates of the Town Hall is represented on the front page of this Supplement.



Photo Edwin Taylor, East Parade, Sheffield.

THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD: DR. COWARD, CONDUCTOR OF THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR IN NORFOLK PARK, BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

On arrival among the fifty thousand children drawn up in the park, the royal carriage drove through the ranks and drew up beneath the Royal Standard which floated over one of the central divisions into which the youthful assemblage had been marshalled. The Duke of Norfolk then formally presented the children to their Sovereign, and a hymn, composed for the occasion by the Rev. A. Pearson, was sung. The singing of "God Save the Queen" by the massed choir of children concluded the ceremony, but before the Queen left the scene certain of the officials responsible for the arrangements of this demonstration were presented to her Majesty, among them being Dr. Coward, who had acted as choir-master of the vast array of singers.



Photo Edwin Taylor, East Parade, Sheffield.

THE QUEEN AT SHEFFIELD: WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN NORFOLK PARK.

After the completion of the ceremonial connected with the opening of the new Town Hall, the royal procession passed through the town to Norfolk Park, the fine seat of Sheffield's Mayor, the Duke of Norfolk. Here, on the green slopes of the park, fifty thousand children had assembled at the invitation of the Duke of Norfolk to salute their Queen. The children were massed in companies, each company being headed by a boy with a Union Jack, and when the royal carriage arrived the waving of the flags to the ringing cheers of the youthful voices gave her Majesty a particularly pleasing welcome.